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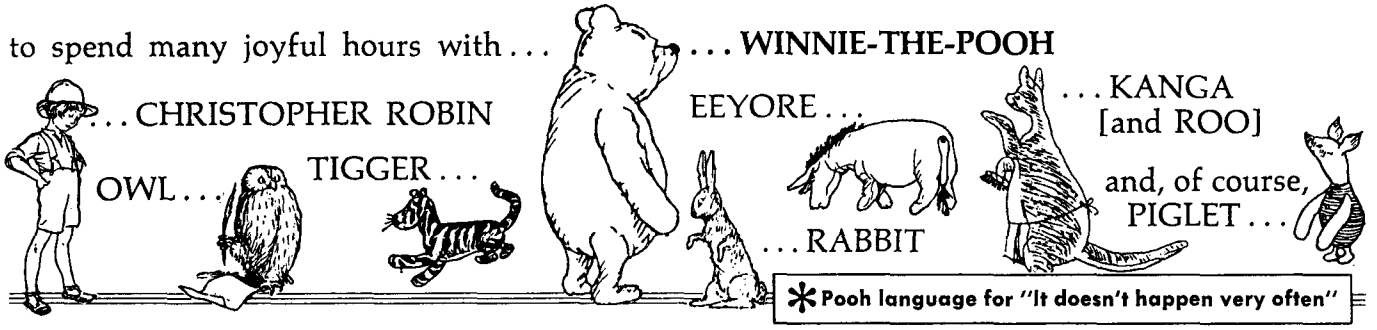

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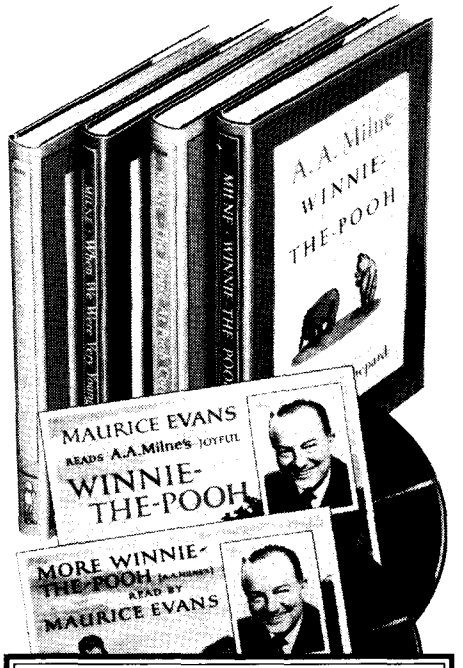

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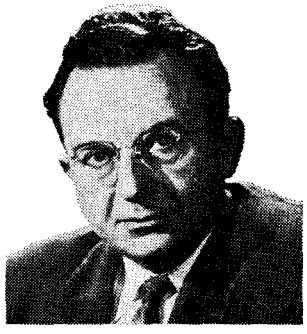

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VOLUME 35, NO. 9 **DECEMBER 1, 1966**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 12

Between Africa and Asia

EAST OF SUEZ UP FOR GRABS . . . . . *Julian Amery* 16
A SETBACK FOR THE AFRICAN LEFT . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 21

At Home & Abroad

VIETNAM: THE ORDEAL OF PACIFICATION . . . . . *Denis Warner* 25
THE HIGH COST OF NOT SPENDING . . . . . *John I. Brooks* 29
BOLIVIA: REVOLUTION IN MID-PASSAGE . . . . . *Gladys Delmas* 31
THE HOUSE LOSES PATIENCE WITH HUAC . . . . . *Daniel Rapoport* 35
CARTOON . . . . . *Fernando Krahn* 37

Views & Reviews

THE EVANGELIST (SHORT STORY) . . . . . *Mildred Barker* 38
HANDEL MAKES THE SCENE . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 40
THE JOFFREY BALLET: SMALL SIZE, LARGE VISION . . . . . *Alan M. Kriegsman* 42
FOR PHILIP (VERSE) . . . . . *John Engels* 48
Books:
THE JUNIOR SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS . . . . . *Martin F. Nolan* 46
OUTSIDE CATHOLICISM . . . . . *John Leo* 48
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TUGBOAT ANNIE? . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 50
THE BUS DRIVER (VERSE) . . . . . *Robin Johnson* 56
THE REPORTER PUZZLE 47

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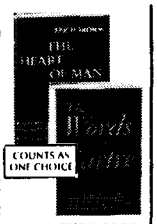

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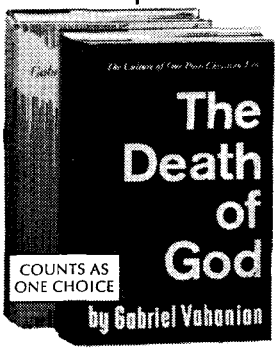

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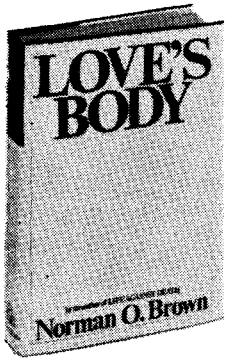

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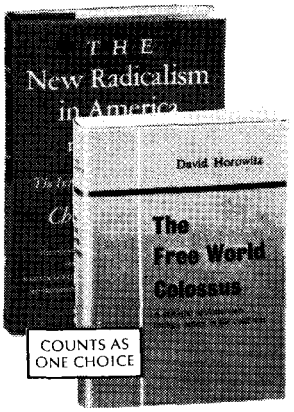

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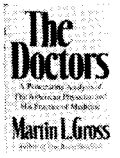

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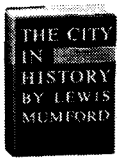

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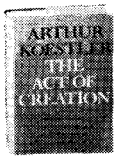

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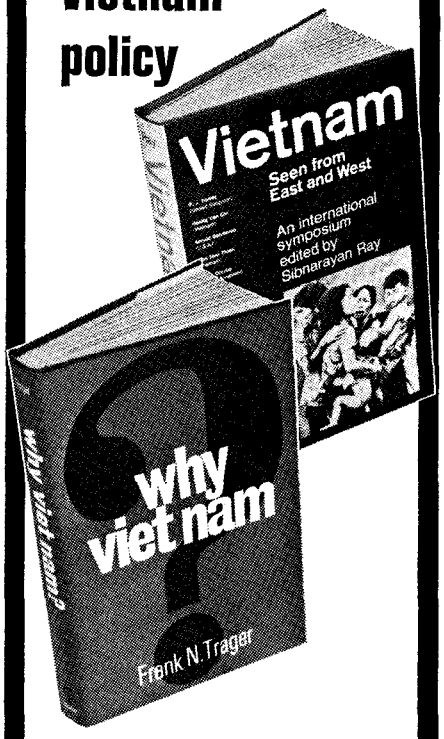

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"PENNY WISE and pound foolish" is an English saying that may well apply to the Labour government's efforts to save money by reducing British military forces East of Suez. As **Sir Julian Amery,** Conservative Minister of Aviation between 1962 and 1964, points out, the savings are trivial when compared with the western stake in the regions from Africa to Australia. It is an area of immense western investment and trade. More than half of the petroleum consumed in Europe comes from the Middle East, which contains the largest proved oil reserves in the world. And as Britain prepares to pull out, the Soviet Union and Communist-supported nationalist governments in the region are getting ready to move in. . . . That the West should be voluntarily weakening its position in the area makes even less sense at a time when Nasser is in trouble in the Yemen and, as **Claire Sterling** reports from Addis Ababa, the leftist governments of Africa have been outmaneuvered at the recent Organization of African Unity meeting there. Moderate governments gained control and sharply reduced the organization's support of "liberation movements" for the time being.

THE Revolutionary Development Program is the latest effort by Saigon to win the "other war"—the pacification and rehabilitation of South Vietnam's Vietcong-infiltrated hamlets. Essentially it is an attempt to beat the Vietcong at their own game by sending in political-action teams to live among the peasants and by answering their needs for schools, medical care, and justice. So far, according to **Denis Warner,** the program's performance is mixed, and apathy, corruption, and politicking at the top levels often dissipate the good work being done in the field. . . . **John I. Brooks,** Washington correspondent of the Norfolk *Virginian Pilot,* describes a tricky bit of Pentagon accounting whereby a penny saved can become dollars earned. . . . The word "revolution" has been overworked these days, but, according to **Gladys Delmas,** who broadcasts from South America for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, it is justified in describing the social and political changes in Bolivia. . . . In the closing days of the Eighty-ninth Congress, the House considered a bill from its Un-American Activities Committee for the first time in three years. The performance was ludicrous, and **Daniel Rapoport,** who is on the Washington staff of United Press International, predicts that HUAC will not be treated so tolerantly in the next session. . . . **Fernando Krahn** magnifies the problems facing the artist in today's world.

Mildred Barker is a new writer whose short story "The Evangelist" recently won the Bernice Kavinoky Isaacson Award at the New School in New York. . . . **Roland Gelatt,** who edits *High Fidelity,* discusses an opera performance, a book, and new recordings, all to do with Handel. . . . **Alan M. Kriegsman,** a former staff member of the Juilliard School, is a music critic with the the Washington *Post.* . . . **John Engels** teaches at Saint Michael's College in Winooski, Vermont. . . . **Martin F. Nolan** is with the Washington Bureau of the Boston *Globe.* . . . **John Leo** is an associate editor of *Commonweal.* . . . **Gerald Weales,** who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of one novel for adults, *Tale for the Bluebird* (Harcourt, Brace & World), and two novels for children, *Miss Grimsbee Is a Witch* and *Miss Grimsbee Takes a Vacation* (both Atlantic Monthly Press). . . . **Robin Johnson** was on the staff of the University of Michigan, and has published her poetry in a number of quarterlies.

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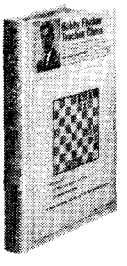

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CORRESPONDENCE

VIETNAM-MANILA

To the Editor: I thought that Richard C. Hottelet's "Vietnam in Perspective" (*The Reporter*, November 3) was one of the best pieces that I have read on the situation in Vietnam. I think there is no doubt whatsoever that our military people have done an excellent job there and they clearly have the upper hand. In every encounter in the last couple of years they have kept the upper hand with little difficulty. Their problem at the moment seems to be finding more Vietcong. Unfortunately, however, and despite this, the political victory necessary to bring stability to that country is nowhere in sight and this makes the task of the soldier very trying and frustrating.

I know the Philippines well, having served there with the Philippine Scouts for two years. I was in Manila during President Magsaysay's time, too, and I talked to him about how he had handled the Huks. I was surprised, therefore, to find the situation in Angeles as reported in Denis Warner's article "President Marcos and the Huk Resurgence." It is an informative and significant piece of writing.

JAMES M. GAVIN, Chairman
Arthur D. Little, Inc.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor: Richard C. Hottelet's "Vietnam in Perspective" is, I think, perceptive, soundly reasoned, commendably balanced between undue optimism and unjustified pessimism, and deserving to be widely and thoughtfully read.

M. B. RIDGWAY, General U.S.A. (Ret.)
Pittsburgh

To the Editor: Richard C. Hottelet's article brings together, as no newspaper or magazine has yet, the accomplishments the United States and the South Vietnamese have made against the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese. Any critic of our American policy in Vietnam would surely have his opinion open to question after reading this very convincing argument, and it would be a help for anyone who is unable to make up his mind.

MARY M. KUNKEL
Mount Vernon, New York

INTEGRATING TEACHERS

To the Editor: I wish to congratulate Peter A. Janssen on his thoughtful and illuminating article "The Next Step: Teacher Integration" (*The Reporter*, November 3). Clearly, teacher integration is a desirable goal and one that our organization believes in fully. As the author points out, "Basically, the problem . . . is one of residential separation," but I feel it goes much deeper.

It should come as a surprise to no one that conditions in slum schools are often appalling. Teaching disadvantaged students presents problems enough without overcrowded classrooms, deteriorating and aged facilities, lack of supplies, and inadequate textbooks. And so teachers transfer out or try to avoid these assignments as much as possible, and it is not surprising that they do. Teachers don't want to teach in these schools and often it has nothing to do with race. The simple fact is that these schools represent an educational failure. The fault often lies not with the teachers but with boards of education and communities that refuse to do anything about these conditions.

The question of teacher integration is, in fact, really the question of obtaining better schools in slum areas. To that end, the AFT has done much more than pay lip service. In our "Effective Schools Program" we offer concrete, educationally sound proposals that will alleviate these problems. This is a total program; it avoids piecemeal approaches by simultaneously reducing class size substantially and saturating the school with services of all kinds. In New York City, our local not only created this program but agitated for it and went on to help staff the schools. In these "effective schools" there is so much improvement in pupil motivation, community rapport, and teacher morale that there is no staffing problem.

Slum schools must be drastically improved, and teachers will respond and have responded to programs that set out to do this. It is up to boards of education also, however, to make an honest effort in this direction.

CHARLES COGEN, President
American Federation of Teachers
Chicago

To the Editor: Peter A. Janssen's article is excellent. It would now be interesting to do in-depth research on why there was a three-to-one resignation of the new teachers in Philadelphia who were assigned "where they were needed." For example, how was this initially explained to the prospective teacher—as a challenge, an order, or a problem? What help was offered these teachers in the schools to which they were assigned?

SYLVIA MEEK
Director of Education
The Urban League
of Philadelphia

THAT GREEN PIG

To the Editor: "Saga of the Little Green Pig," by Ralph Lee Smith (*The Reporter*, November 3), spotlights one of a range of problems on which society had better get to work if the problems of civil rights and poverty are to be attacked successfully.

We civil-rights lawyers, if we are to be really effective, must move to develop the rights of consumers against deceptive selling practices and unconscionable lending arrangements, of welfare recipients against inequitable and

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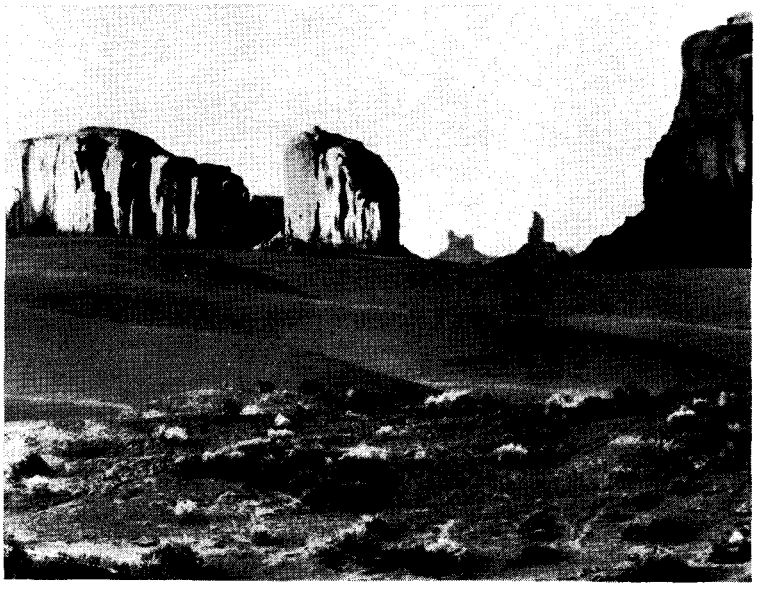

MONUMENT VALLEY—Philip Hyde.

obsessed by technology, which in the name of commerce would destroy the forces that made us.

"The Place No One Knew," for example, was Glen Canyon, a glorious sight, and one of the most revealing of the forces that shaped the Earth. Our book appeared just as Glen Canyon began to die under a deep reservoir, the creation of a dam built to generate commercial power. "Time and the River Flowing," a brilliant photographic portrait of Grand Canyon, also warns of an inundation threat there, as unthinkable an idea as that may seem.

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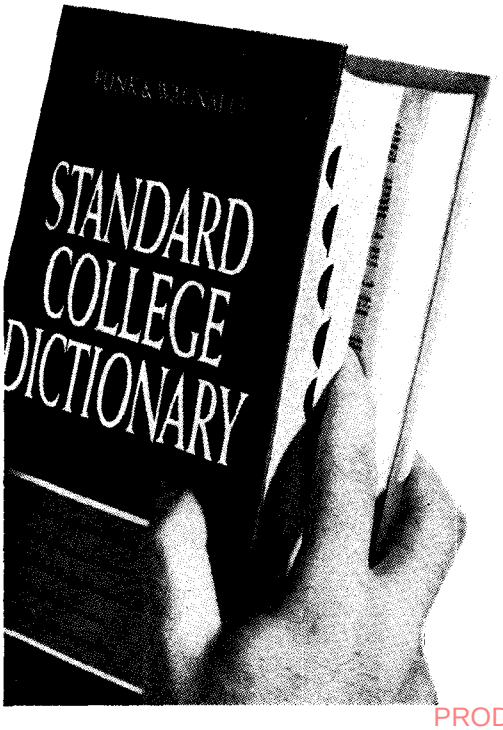

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arbitrary treatment, of tenants against unscrupulous landlords, of migrant and farm laborers against employers who have no regard for the human condition of their employees and the families which follow in their train. The Legal Defense Fund, while maintaining our desegregation efforts, is developing such new legal programs.

Just as questions of poverty cannot be solved without ending racial discrimination, racial distinctions cannot be obliterated without putting an end to legal doctrines and practices which make possible so much of the poverty that exists today.

JACK GREENBERG
Director-Counsel
NAACP Legal Defense Fund
New York

To the Editor: We were most pleased to read Ralph Lee Smith's "Saga of the Little Green Pig." The Attorney General of the State of California has taken several steps to stop the perpetration of fraudulent business activities upon the public. He has established a Consumer Fraud Section which has the function of preventing fraudulent and misleading advertisements and other unfair business practices. This section has already filed over thirty major actions.

In addition to taking appropriate legal action, the California Attorney General has also initiated several programs to educate the public in the area of economic exploitation. For example, weekly visits are made to various poverty areas for the purpose of taking complaints from people who believe they have been defrauded, and to speak to the people in order to keep them abreast of swindles that come to the attention of this office.

HERBERT DAVIS
Deputy Attorney General
State of California

To the Editor: We too have been fighting the battle against referral selling. As a matter of fact, during the 1966 session of the Illinois Legislature, which meets biennially, this office co-operated closely with the Illinois Attorney General's office, which was successful in securing legislation that bans referral selling where the actual cost of the merchandise exceeds $300. Enforcement is entrusted to the Attorney General's office.

This has not stopped sales of [vacuum] cleaners by area representatives of Interstate Engineering Corporation. But it has stopped referral selling of automobiles, central vacuum-cleaning systems, wall-to-wall carpeting, water softeners, color television sets, etc.

The last two items were "going strong" before the new legislation was passed. Immediately thereafter it was as though the faucet had been shut off.

M. JOHN MADSEN
Senior Vice President
Better Business Bureau
of Metropolitan Chicago, Inc.

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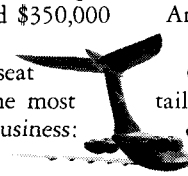

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Back to Normal

The amazing thing about our system of electioneering is that there is nothing like it in the world—and it works. When the returns of a Presidential or off-year election are all in, elation or regrets remain for some time but the conclusion then becomes inevitable that for all the gimmickry of the campaign oratory, for all the allurements offered the voters, the electorate answers with a truthful image of itself. Yet politics on a mass basis is a fitful thing in our country. The involvement of the citizens in public affairs is, to say the least, episodic. Our system of political representation is the oldest in existence, the most conservative without being static.

It is not exactly the system the Founding Fathers designed, but on the whole it has remained faithful to their conception, being still a mixture of proportionate and disproportionate representation. Should the principle of one man, one vote be carried to the election of U.S. Senators, should the Electoral College be abolished, then this country would cease being a union of states and turn into an inconceivable entity. The picture of the electorate taken regularly every two or four years is a daguerreotype. Let's hope that the era of electronics and of computers will never come to distract the citizen's mood when he exercises his sovereign right.

In the last election, as in all the preceding ones, there were regrettable instances of voters befuddled by glamor, or by weariness with virtuous men. In a number of states, most eminently in New York, the citizen was asked to exercise his franchise for a period of three minutes in the unfamiliar aloofness of the polling booth, where he was subjected to tests more complex than a college entrance examination. Yet the answer of the electorate as a whole has been unmistakably clear: the morbid dread of the 1964 election, which led to a plebiscite for Lyndon Johnson, has been followed by the resurgence of the two-party system.

At long last, the President can have what he deserves and can work with: a loyal opposition. The men of his own party who do not like his policies, particularly the foreign ones, can continue, if they like, to snipe at the President and to undercut his authority in the rest of the world. But at least in foreign affairs Lyndon Johnson will be able to count on the advice and the cooperation of a fairly large group of Republican leaders who will offer him a relief from the acid criticism of some of the most highly placed Democrats.

Before the election, and with that mean, crucial Vietnamese war going on, radical factionalisms of the most assorted variety seemed unleashed, to judge from the newspaper headlines and the TV screens. Public attention for too long had been centered on troublemakers, black-power advocates, segregationists, Klansmen, advocates of restoration to some lost line of legitimacy. And, of course, there was the question of how far and deep the white backlash would reach.

After the election, things look more real and more familiar. American men and women were rushed through the polling booths but they have had their say. The self-appointed heroes of national life, the prophets of dire things to come, can take a little rest.

We have learned that unfortunately there is some reality in the white backlash, but it is not an overwhelming novelty to know that it is particularly strong in the state of Alabama. Far more important, the elections have shown us that the two-party system has come back in full strength. From this duality of parties our foreign enemies can derive no hope.

Senator Douglas

One result of the November elections that we cannot pass over without comment is the defeat of Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois.

Intellectual energy and uncompromising integrity have characterized his political life from the moment in 1939 when the Kelly-Nash machine surprised him by offering to back his independent—and until then completely hopeless—candidacy for Chicago's board of aldermen. "For a year," he later commented of his service as an alderman, "the votes were 49 to 1 . . . but it's interesting that though many of the things which I advocated were defeated at the time, a considerable number of them have been put into practice since."

Douglas was far less lonely during his eighteen years in the Senate, but he never hesitated to be alone when his conscience indicated an independent course, as Democratic Presidents and party whips were to discover time and again. "Independent Democrat," his designation for himself, was entirely accurate.

It was this independence that brought Douglas to lead many battles that other Senators joined later, after their popularity was more assured: civil rights, slum clearance and urban renewal, Federal regulation of the natural-gas industry, aid to education, Medicare and Medicaid. When he advocated a civil-rights bill in 1956, he was able to muster only six votes for it in the Senate—a fact that some of his erstwhile supporters in Illinois seem to have forgotten.

In contention, his graciousness and generosity were contagious. His opponent in this last race, Charles H. Percy, in the moment of his own victory, said of him, "Senator Douglas has fought the good fight. If I can serve Illinois and the nation with the same degree of selfless dedication and integ-

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Take this list to your favorite television set and have a Merry Christmas all through December.

Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer
Animated musical fantasy. Sunday, Dec. 4 (5:30-6:30 pm).

The Cleveland Orchestra
Bell Telephone Hour shows how George Szell shapes the orchestra. Sunday, Dec. 4 (6:30-7:30 pm).

S. Hurok Presents
Marian Anderson, Van Cliburn, Andres Segovia, Isaac Stern and others salute the impresario, Sol Hurok. Tuesday, Dec. 6 (9:30-11 pm).

Blithe Spirit
Noel Coward's comedy starring Rosemary Harris, Dirk Bogarde and Rachel Roberts. Wednesday, Dec. 7 (7:30-9 pm).

Christ Is Born
Saga of Western Man recreates the Nativity story. Wednesday, Dec. 7 (8-9 pm). Repeated on Dec. 25 (4-5 pm).

On the FLIP Side
Stage 67: A musical look at the present and future pop music scene, starring Rick Nelson and Joanie Sommers. Wednesday, Dec. 7 (10-11 pm).

The Glass Menagerie
Tennessee Williams' drama starring Shirley Booth, Hal Holbrook, Barbara Loden and Pat Hingle. Thursday, Dec. 8 (7:30-8:30 pm).

A Charlie Brown Christmas
Charlie and his friends in the Peabody Award-winning cartoon. Sunday, Dec. 11 (7-7:30 pm).

The Hill Country: LBJ's Texas
President Johnson tours the Texas Hill Country of his childhood. Sunday, Dec. 11 (6:30-7:30 pm).

The Hidden World
National Geographic Society special explores the insect world. Tuesday, Dec. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Long Childhood of Timmy
The sensitive, intimate story of a retarded boy and his family. Tuesday, Dec. 13 (10-11 pm).

The Brave Rifles
Arthur Kennedy narrates a moving documentary on the Battle of the Bulge on Stage 67. Wednesday, Dec. 14 (10-11 pm).

Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol
Animated version of Dickens' classic. Saturday, Dec. 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Christmas with Lorne Greene
Lorne Greene and the UNICEF Choir in a musical tribute to the Holiday season. Saturday, Dec. 17 (8:30-9 pm).

How The Grinch Stole Christmas
Animated musical based on the Dr. Seuss characters and narrated by Boris Karloff. Sunday, Dec. 18 (7-7:30 pm).

A Christmas Memory
Geraldine Page and Donnie Melvin star in Truman Capote's drama. Wednesday, Dec. 21 (10-11 pm).

L'Enfance du Christ
Hector Berlioz' oratorio-trilogy on the Childhood of Christ performed in pageant form by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Sunday, Dec. 25 (10-11 am).

Christmas In The Market Place
An adaptation of the French classic with choreography by Valerie Bettis. Sunday, Dec. 25 (1-2 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday Through Friday:
Captain Kangaroo / Today / Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Wednesdays: ABC Stage 67

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo / Sunrise Semester / The Smithsonian / Animal Secrets / Wide World of Sports / Vietnam Weekly Review / ABC Scope: The War In Vietnam

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet / Look Up and Live / Directions / Bullwinkle / Camera Three / Discovery '67 / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / The Eternal Light / Issues and Answers / Wild Kingdom / College Bowl / The Frank McGee Report / Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (EST), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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rity . . . I think I will have served well."

Let us hope that a man of these rare qualities, still young at seventy-four, will be encouraged to continue working, as he has so successfully in the past, for those "public causes that take a long time to win." Such causes exist in abundance, but there are few men like Paul Douglas in any generation.

Entering the Lists

It may be that some readers of the New York *Times* are surfeited with those full-page, finely printed ads deploring this or defending that in the name of countless signatories. Our interest never flags, however, in who is for what—and why. We will admit that things were getting pretty dull by last winter when a group of indignant citizens demanded that the administration publicly espouse positions on Vietnam that it had already publicly espoused. And it is also true that in recent months it had become increasingly easy to guess the policy pitch from the names, and vice versa.

"LIBERALS SUPPORT CHINA POLICY," the banner of one recent ad read. Its burden was the unwisdom of adopting the "Two China" position, of granting diplomatic recognition to Communist China or of seating it in the United Nations. Fair enough, as far as most of the signers were concerned, and Senator Paul Douglas was at the head of the list.

But the following day, a far more exotic collection of names appeared under another ad headed "LET US ACT TOGETHER TO BRING PEACE TO VIETNAM." The signers included a member of the Bulgarian parliament, a Congolese policeman, an advocate of the Supreme Court in Nepal, and the mayor of Mostaganem, Algeria—not to mention Enrique Lister, the Communist commander of Spanish Civil War days, who was described in the ad as "General *(Spain).*"

Who had got this extraordinary crew together? The ad itself didn't say. The appeal, it announced, had been launched to "commemorate the 12th anniversary of the 1954 Geneva Agreements," and the message was a stern demand that the United States stop its bombing in the North, withdraw its troops from the South, and observe the Geneva accords, including the provision for "free national elections." To whom had the appeal been sent for signing? To "a limited number of representative people in various countries," the message declared.

"Representative" is not exactly the word we would have used. All the old war-horses from the World Council of Peace were there, the organizers of the ancient Stockholm Appeal, and winners of the Stalin Peace Prize, which since has been renamed. Apparently they are as durable in body as in soul. Mme. Isabelle Blume, for instance (to whose address in Brussels the ad directed that further contributions be sent), is the septuagenarian activist who is "Co-ordinating President, WCP Presidential Committee," and whose lively history includes winning the Stalin Peace Prize, election as a Socialist deputy to the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, and subsequent expulsion from the Belgian Socialist Party for Communist activities.

What are we to make of all this? Optimistic conclusions do not spring readily to mind, but with a certain amount of mental exertion it is possible to discern a ray of light. It is, after all, useful to know that a man such as Friedrich Ebert is a passionate advocate of "free national elections." He is the mayor of East Berlin.

The Rainoddsmakers

We have been bothered lately by those seemingly precise weather predictions that have begun to turn up in forecasts all over the country and go something like this: "There is a forty per cent chance of precipitation." We have long deplored the trend to dress up all sorts of hunches in the language of mathematics, but the question that bothers us specifically is: If there is a forty per cent chance of precipitation, what is the forty per cent a per cent *of*? Who calculates the odds—and how?

We put the question to officialdom at the Weather Bureau recently, and we are now prepared to share our insights with our readers who, we calculate, while thirty per cent grateful for this information, will probably be seventy per cent depressed by it, since our own grasp of it is ninety-one per cent nonexistent.

We had no trouble with the self-evident statements. "The use of probability," as our high-level source put it at the outset, "is designed to give an estimate of the amount of uncertainty." Fair enough—but forty per cent of *what*? It was first pointed out that forecasting cannot be one hundred per cent accurate because of variations in a given locale. "A shower will fall someplace, and yet there will be no shower at another place nearby." The problem for forecasters is how to express this in some sort of odds. When we inquired whether the forty per cent referred to that part of the area which would get wet, we were told it certainly did not.

We made a second pass at the problem: was a computer involved? Yes, a computer made a prediction on the basis of quantities of data. But the computer's prediction was then forwarded to a human forecaster in the field. The computer might prophesy rain, for example, but the man might know something the computer didn't and so would make his own calculation. We felt for a moment as if we were getting near the truth: the human forecaster made a guess in percentages about the computer's accuracy.

That, however, was not quite it. When we inquired what the forecaster's prediction about the computer's prediction *was* based upon, we were told "his professional training." It then developed that if a forecaster warned of a seventy per cent chance of rain for ten days, seven of those ten forecasts had better be followed by rain. As we tried to digest this bit of information, we were further informed, "that is not to say which seven, of course."

Weather-watchers who can make sense of the above information are welcome to it. We would advise others—depending upon whether they are planning a trip or enduring the effects of a drought—to get down on their knees and pray for the climate of their choice.

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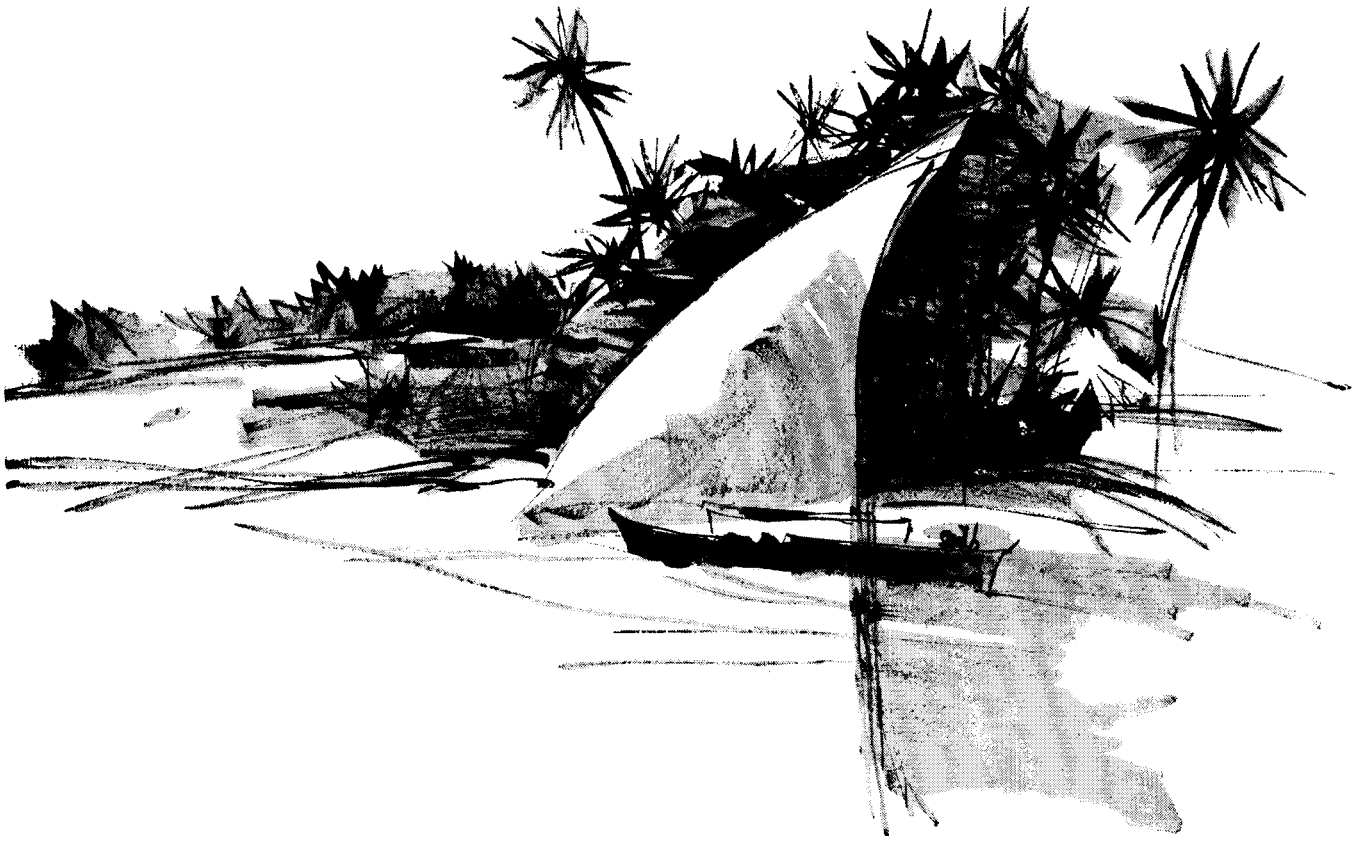

East of Suez Up for Grabs

JULIAN AMERY

LONDON

CAN Britain afford to keep troops East of Suez? The debate on this question still rages at Westminster, in Whitehall, and in the City.

Let us consider it in the harsh economic terms in which it has been put. This year, Britain will spend some $5.6 billion on defense. It is no secret that this budget is not enough to equip the armed forces adequately to meet the commitments the British government has accepted. To do the job properly, Britain would have to spend about $840 million more a year. It was, indeed, on this issue that Naval Minister Christopher Mayhew and First Sea Lord Admiral Sir David Luce resigned.

But if, as Mayhew also pointed out, Britain were to withdraw from all commitments outside Europe, very great savings could be made. Bases and staging posts could be closed down. The size of the forces could be cut by at least a third. Their equipment and structure could be greatly simplified. Around $420 million of foreign exchange could be saved each year. A strategy limited to the defense of the British Isles and to membership in NATO should not cost more than $4.2 billion a year. It might well cost less.

The economic argument for withdrawal is thus very attractive to a country facing a tough economic crisis and to a government reluctant to make further cuts in consumption or social reform. But let us look at it in greater depth.

Could Britain's vital interests be safeguarded simply by maintaining a British deterrent force and a contribution to NATO? In both World Wars, Britain was brought nearest to defeat not by the German Army or Air Force but by the U-boats. The British economy is wholly dependent on the maintenance of communications with the outside world. It is quite unlike the largely self-contained economies of the United States, the Soviet Union, or even the main industrial countries of Western Europe. There can be no "Fortress Britain" in peace or in war.

HALF of all Britain consumes—food, raw materials, manufactured goods—comes from overseas. Half of all Britain makes is sold overseas. Besides this visible trade, there is a vast invisible trade: the proceeds of shipping, aviation, banking, insurance, consultancies, licenses, agencies, and above all over-

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seas investments. In a few cases—e.g., South Africa—the return on invisible trade is even greater than on the visible. Taken together, the receipts on visibles and invisibles provide half the earnings of the British people and it may be more than half the government's revenue. British living standards and British social services are wholly dependent on them. So is sterling.

The gold reserves of the Bank of England are not much larger than the reserves of a giant American corporation. But the real backing for sterling is not gold. It is Britain's overseas investments, whether in government or private hands. The total value of these investments is unknown. Many are not quoted or could not find a ready market. But the British overseas investment in quoted securities that could be easily realized is at least $33.6 billion.

If by peaceful means Britain were deprived of its overseas investments, if it were denied access to world markets and raw materials, its economy would collapse just as surely as if the U-boats were at sea again.

Some two-thirds of Britain's overseas investments are "East of Suez." So are some two-thirds of its trade. East of Suez are the countries that lie in an arc around the Indian Ocean. They stretch from Australia and New Zealand through Malaysia, India, and Pakistan, across to the Middle East, and then down the East African coast to South Africa. Australia is Britain's most important trading partner after the United States. In two of the postwar years, Malaya's rubber and tin exports earned more hard currency than did the exports of the whole of British industry. The British investment in India and Pakistan is immense. The Middle East is Britain's main supplier of oil. South Africa is Britain's third most important trading partner. South African gold, diamonds, and uranium make it the Fort Knox of the sterling area.

Britain's Basic Interest

How far are these interests threatened? And by whom? The greatest threat comes from Communism, which does not tolerate foreign investment. Britain's investments in Russia, in Eastern Europe, and in China were all expropriated after their revolutions. The same is true of trade. The Communist countries are highly protectionist, seeking to develop their own resources rather than to exchange goods and services with others. The Communist revolutions in Russia, Eastern Europe, and China have all led to a contraction of Britain's trade with them.

It is, therefore, a basic British interest to prevent countries where Britain has important markets or supplies of raw materials from going Communist. Here Britain is even more directly concerned than the United States. The American economy could be indifferent to the loss of Middle Eastern oil or Malaysian rubber and tin. The British economy could not.

This is why Britain has been a founder member not just of NATO but also of CENTO and SEATO. This is why Britain fought in Korea. It explains why, despite the fierce opposition of half his own supporters, Harold Wilson's Labour government gives support to U.S. policy in Vietnam.

Revolutionary nationalism guided and supported by the Communists, such as Nasser's "Arab socialism" or Sukarno's "guided democracy," can be just as dangerous. In Egypt, Nasser has nationalized the Suez Canal Company, the Shell installations, and most other western business. In Iraq, the revolutionary government has not actually nationalized the Iraq Petroleum Company. But it has unilaterally revoked a large part of its concession. Furthermore, the company's position has been made so difficult that it has undertaken no new development in the last eight years. (And yet in Iran and the rest of the Gulf, oil operations have been expanding steadily.) In Indonesia, the Sukarno régime expropriated not only the properties of the former colonial power, the Netherlands, but those of British and other foreign interests as well. In all three countries, moreover, the combination of socialist policies and heavy rearmament programs has produced grave financial crises. These have strangled the flourishing trade that Britain once enjoyed with them.

UNTIL RECENTLY American policymakers tended to support Nasser and Sukarno. They hoped in this way both to keep Egypt and Indonesia out of the Communist sphere and to supplant Britain's economic position in the Middle East and Southeast Asia. There is nothing new in such rivalry. But as a policy it has not paid off. British interests have been injured by it but American interests have not gained. The United States indeed has received far more kicks than rewards for its political and economic support of the Egyptian and Indonesian dictators.

The Communist powers have had good reason to support Nasser and Sukarno. They know that the development of nuclear weapons rules out major war as an instrument of Communist policy. They plan, instead, to defeat the West by cutting off first Europe and then the United States from their markets and raw materials. For this purpose Nasser

UNITED STATES AID TO THE UAR

From 1953, the year after the revolution that in 1954 brought Nasser to power, to June 30, 1966, U.S. aid to Egypt (later the United Arab Republic) totaled $1,136,900,000. The major categories are as follows:

Aid loans	$105.4 million
Grants	68.1 million
Export-Import Bank long-term loans	40.5 million
Food for Peace	904.9 million

Food for Peace shipments, mostly wheat, were paid for largely in local currency that remained in the country to finance development projects approved by the United States. This aid ranged from an initial allotment of $23.5 million in 1954 to a high of $177.4 million in 1962. Some $55 million was authorized for the first half of 1966. No new agreement has been made.

The U.S. food shipments have allowed the Egyptian government to release rice for export to Communist countries, including Cuba. With the food problem eased, the country has been able to barter more of its cotton for arms.

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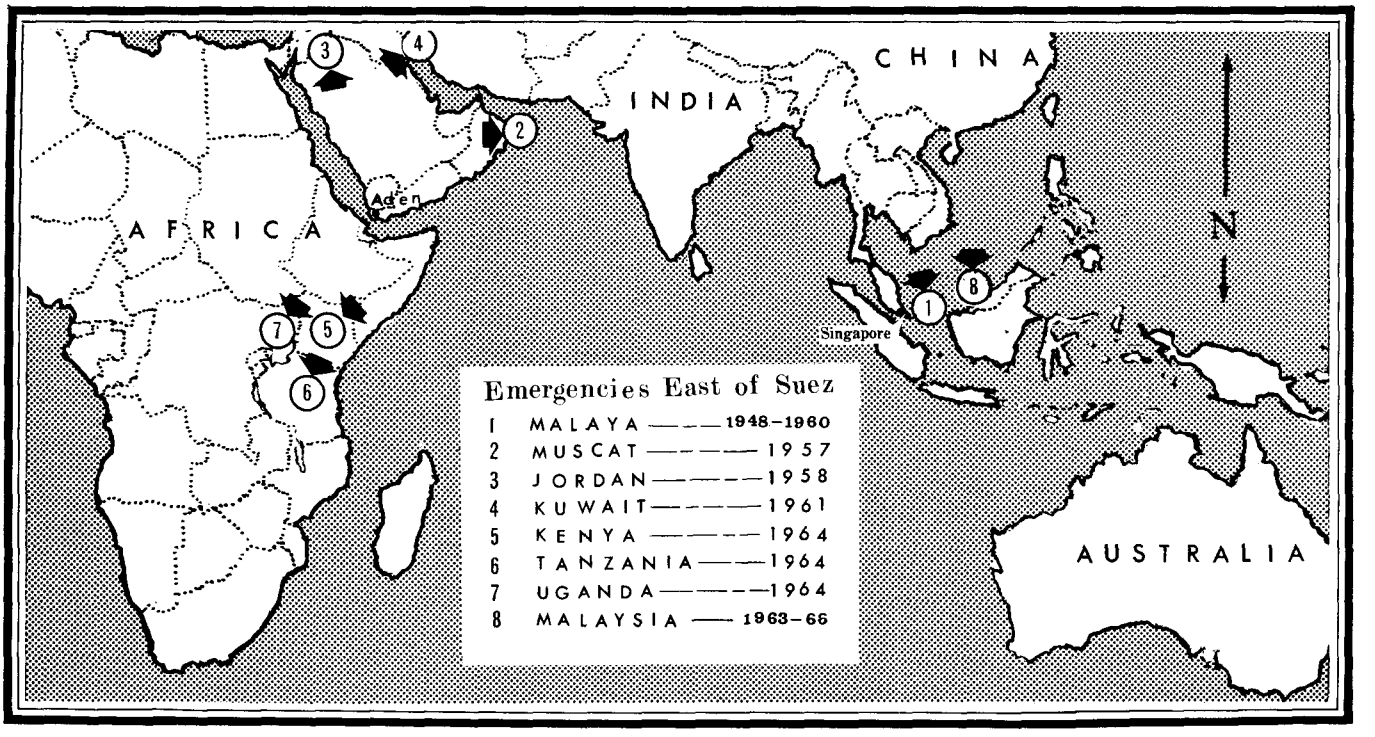

and Sukarno have proved useful instruments.

At this point it is fair to ask: Can the presence of British forces safeguard Britain's investments and trade? It certainly has done so in the past. Malaya in the early 1950's, Muscat in 1957, Jordan in 1958, Kuwait in 1961, and Kenya, Tanzania, and Uganda in 1964 were all saved from subversion by prompt British military intervention. But the most striking and most recent example is the defeat of Sukarno's "confrontation."

In 1963, Sukarno, backed at home by the Indonesian Communists and abroad by the Soviet Union, embarked upon his confrontation of Malaysia. Though aimed in the first place at the Borneo territories, this was a thinly disguised attempt to overthrow the Malaysian régime and incorporate Malaysia into Indonesia.

Had Sukarno's aggression succeeded, Britain's interests in Malaysia and Singapore would have been expropriated as surely as they were in Indonesia itself. In the longer run, besides, an enlarged near-Communist Indonesia with a population of more than 100 million would have presented a grave threat to Australia.

The policy of confrontation would have succeeded but for the presence of British forces based on Singapore and Malaya and fighting in Borneo. Sukarno's failure encouraged the military leaders to organize a counterrevolution against him and his Communist associates. The Indonesian Communist Party, the largest outside Russia and China, has been virtually exterminated. Sukarno is a prisoner in his palace. Confrontation has been abandoned. The immediate threat to British interests has been defeated. In short, Britain's military presence in Southeast Asia has paid off.

How Wilson Saved Nasser

What should Britain do now? The governments of Malaysia and Singapore are not pressing it to withdraw its forces. Both countries have outgrown the adolescent anti-colonialism of the early postwar years. No doubt the ending of confrontation will allow some reduction of British forces. But the war in Vietnam and the guerrillas in Thailand are a reminder that danger is not far away. Southeast Asia has the resources and the skills to become an area of stability and prosperity. But the process will take time. Meanwhile Britain will be wise to maintain a continuing military presence. The costs involved are small compared to the interests at stake.

It is already clear that, despite the resolutions at the Labour Party conference, this is also the view of Wilson's government. This makes it all the harder to understand why he should adopt precisely the opposite course in the Middle East.

The beginning of this year saw the forces of revolution in the Middle East in full retreat. In Syria economic distress was matched by political instability. In Iraq the greater part of the army and the air force was tied down in a hopeless war in Kurdistan. Thanks to the Kurds, Kuwait and the Saudi oil fields were safe from Iraqi attack.

In the Yemen, an Egyptian army of sixty thousand had met defeat and abandoned half the country to

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the royalists. In August, 1965, Nasser himself was forced to go cap in hand to King Faisal at Jiddah and promise publicly to withdraw his troops.

Inside Egypt, Nasser's régime faced growing economic difficulties and discontent. American support seemed in doubt; the Soviets were cool. People questioned whether Nasser would last out the year.

Meanwhile the influence of King Faisal and the Shah of Iran was growing daily. Their Islamic Alliance, embracing Arab and non-Arab Moslems, offered a broader basis than "Arab socialism" for Middle Eastern stability. The initiative had passed into the hands of the oil-bearing countries, the only ones with the resources to contribute to the reconstruction of the area.

AT THE BACK of the oil-bearing countries stood the military power of Britain. Iran is linked to Britain in the CENTO alliance. The oil sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf all have defense agreements with Britain. Since the Egyptian invasion of the Yemen, British relations with Saudi Arabia have become cordial and close.

The fulcrum of British power in the Arabian Peninsula is Aden, the third busiest harbor in the world. It has a magnificent airfield, good workshops, an oil refinery, and excellent accommodation for troops. It was from the Aden base that Britain prevented the Iraqi occupation of Kuwait in 1961. It was from Aden that Britain suppressed the mutinies in Kenya, Tanzania, and Uganda in 1964.

Aden is still a British colony. But it is also a member of the South Arabian Federation. This is an emerging state, still under British protection, and embracing the mountainous sheikdoms and emirates that constitute the hinterland of Aden.

For some years it has been British policy to make the South Arabian Federation, including Aden, an independent nation. In 1964, the Conservative government proposed that independence should come by 1968. The South Arabian government welcomed this offer, but in view of the presence of Egyptian forces in the neighboring Yemen, they made it a condition of their acceptance that Britain would keep military forces in South Arabia to defend them against external aggression. This was agreed by the Conservative government in an exchange of letters. The subsequent Labour government gave verbal assurances that it would honor the Conservative government's undertaking.

Then suddenly in February, the Labour government announced that it would quit Aden altogether in 1968. It also revoked the undertaking to defend South Arabia after it became independent. The immediate effect of the announcement was to sabotage the Jiddah agreement. The very same day, Nasser declared that his army would now stay in the Yemen until Britain had left Aden.

Britain's decision gave Nasser a new lease of life. Once the British had gone, the Egyptian army in the Yemen would be the dominant force in southern Arabia. There would be nothing to stop it marching into Aden at the invitation of Nasser's friends there. From Aden and Mukalla, Nasser could move along the coast into Muscat and Abu Dhabi and seize their growing oil fields. There would be little to stop him. British troops based on Bahrain might defend Kuwait for a time against attack. But they could do little against subversion and would themselves be increasingly a target for terrorism. United States influence might prevent a direct attack on Saudi Arabia. But the pressures making for subversion of the royal régime would be bound to grow.

Moscow to Baghdad?

Nasser's actions since the British government's announcement in February have already made his intentions plain. For some time the Egyptians have been training terrorists

COMMUNIST AID TO THE UAR

The Soviet Union has provided Nasser with more than $2 billion in aid since 1954, more than half of it military. The billion-plus in weapons includes MIG jet fighters, light and medium jet bombers, self-propelled artillery and tanks, submarines, destroyers, and surface-to-air missiles.

Economic aid extended by all Communist countries from 1954 through 1965 totaled $1,664,000,000, of which the Soviet Union contributed $1,011,000,000. Of this, $325 million went toward construction of the Aswan Dam. In recent years, economic aid has been directed toward industrial projects of the UAR's Seven-Year Plan, including $225 million in credits advanced in 1965.

Soviet aid is on a strict barter basis, with the UAR making regular short-term payments in commodities, principally cotton. The books are carefully kept, and when a poor crop causes the payments to fall behind, they are usually carried over to the next year.

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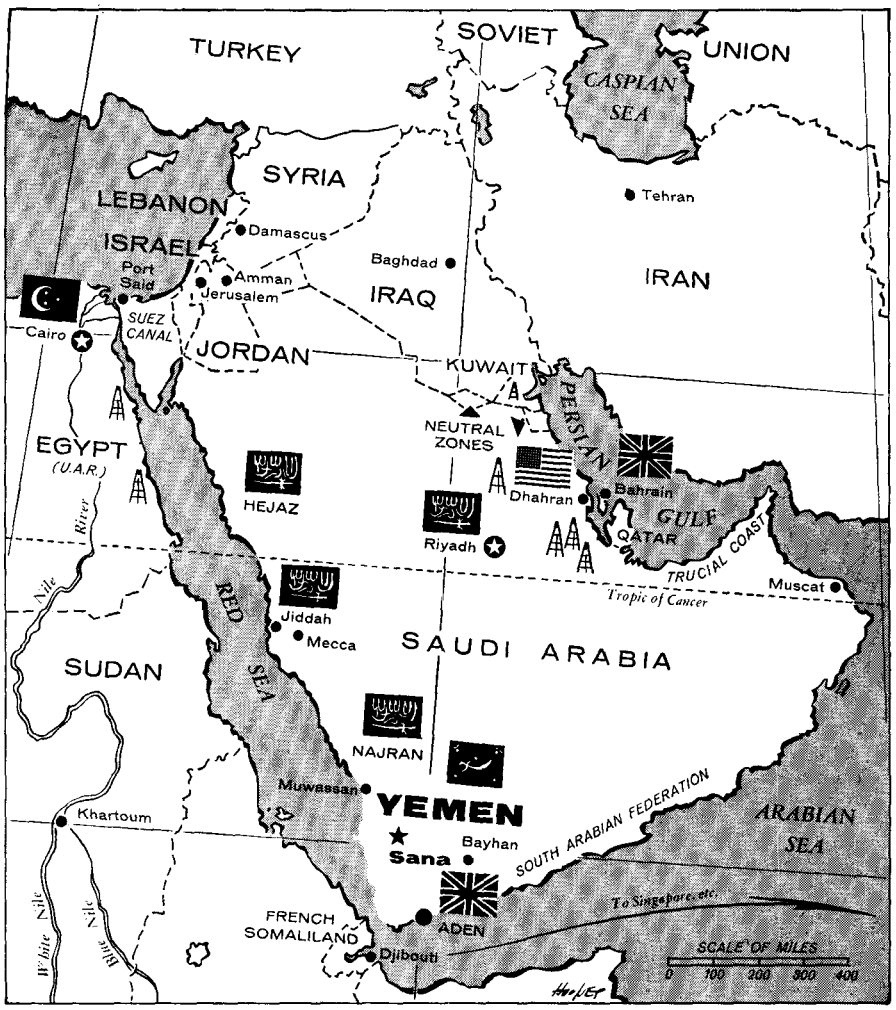
in the Yemen and sending them across the border to attack the British. This campaign has now been greatly intensified to create the impression in Arab minds that the British are being driven out by the Egyptians. But in addition to attacking the British, the Egyptians are stepping up terrorism against the South Arabian Federation government and its officials. Nasser is out to weaken them and prevent them from offering serious resistance to him when Britain goes.

Egyptian policy inside the Yemen has also hardened. After the Jiddah agreement with Saudi Arabia, Nasser tried to conciliate the more moderate Yemenis. Obvious pro-Egyptian stooges like Abdullah Sallal were withdrawn to Cairo and members of the so-called "third force" were brought into the government. Now all that has changed. Sallal and his friends are back in power. The moderates have been proscribed. Fifteen of them, indeed, have been arrested and executed after a drumhead court-martial.

The prospect of an Egyptian occupation of Aden revived Soviet interest in Nasser. When Premier Kosygin visited Cairo, he urged Nasser to adopt more "socialist" policies at home. He also pressed him to mend his fences with Syria and so rebuild the revolutionary front in the Middle East.

Since then, Soviet and Egyptian diplomacy in Iraq has been working for a settlement between Baghdad and the Kurds. Its objective is to free the Iraqi Army and Air Force to threaten Kuwait and Saudi Arabia from the north while Nasser moves against them from the south.

Prominent in Kosygin's delegation was Admiral Sergei G. Gorshkov, with a strong naval staff. This has given rise to talk of a Soviet base in Alexandria. But the real Soviet design is probably more ambitious. If Nasser were to occupy Aden, he would control both ends of the Red Sea. His further advance toward the Persian Gulf, moreover, would have to be largely by sea. Egypt alone could scarcely pursue a naval grand strategy on this scale. But it could do so with Soviet naval support. The Soviets' design may well be to establish themselves both in Egypt and at Aden—the point that Britain made the key to the Persian Gulf and to East Africa.



Hitherto, black Africa has remained beyond the Soviets' reach. During the Congo troubles they tried for a time to supply the Gizenga régime at Stanleyville. But even with bases in Upper Egypt, the logistical difficulties of the operation proved insuperable. It had to be abandoned. Since then the Soviets have been arming the Somalis and building up their influence in the Horn of Africa. But they still lack an effective base from which to play at the African table. A base at Aden, with secure sea and air communications to Egypt, would exactly meet their need.

Until Britain leaves Aden, this Soviet design is a pipe dream. But if the British go, who will prevent it from becoming a reality?

There is no American base in the area apart from the rather sketchy facilities still maintained at Dhahran. Britain and the United States, it is true, plan to set up jointly controlled staging posts in some of the remoter islands of the southern Indian Ocean. But work there is still at an early stage. Nor could these islands ever become bases in the sense of Aden or Singapore. It would be more accurate to think of them as fixed aircraft carriers. They could give useful air support to an operation on the Asian or African mainland. But they would scarcely deter Egyptian subversion backed by a visible Soviet presence in Aden. I pioneered the so-called "island strategy" when Secretary of State for Air. But we thought of it then as a supplement to Aden and Singapore, never as a substitute for them.

A possible solution would be for the United States to join Britain in maintaining the Aden base. U.S. oil interests in the Persian Gulf are in as much peril as those of Britain. But the U.S. involvement in Vietnam is such that there seems little prospect of bringing the American public to accept a new military

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commitment in the Middle East.

The choice before the British government, then, is clear. If it withdraws from Aden, it will create a vacuum; and Nasser and the Soviets will fill it. British investments and trade in the Gulf will then go the same way they have gone in Egypt and Indonesia. For the first time, too, British interests in eastern and southern Africa will be directly exposed to Soviet pressures.

The alternative course is to reverse the present decision and maintain a British presence in Aden at least until Nasser honors the Jiddah agreement and withdraws from the Yemen. The decision to quit Aden was taken on grounds of cost. But the cost of staying would be negligible—at most $40 to $55 million a year. The main obstacle to staying in Aden will be the fear of backbench criticism. But Mr. Wilson has been through much worse over Vietnam.

IF THE British government now decides to stay in Aden, there is every chance that Nasser's confrontation of Faisal and the Shah in the Persian Gulf will collapse as Sukarno's confrontation of Malaysia has done. This would open the prospect of a period of stability and economic expansion in the Middle East. Britain could benefit greatly from this.

The experience of Southeast Asia and the prospect in the Middle East point to the conclusion that Britain cannot afford to withdraw from East of Suez. The cost of going would be far greater than the cost of staying.

But how long will Britain have to carry the burden? No one can say for certain. Yet there are grounds for cautious optimism. The wave of anti-colonialism is largely spent. Revolutionary nationalism is on the wane. Southeast Asian and Middle Eastern statesmen are much readier than they were to advocate co-operation with the West. If stability returns to these areas, the military burden will diminish correspondingly.

Meanwhile there is no choice for Britain but to soldier on. The defense of its economic interests requires it. So too does the discharge of its responsibilities to the rest of the free world.

A Setback For the African Left

CLAIRE STERLING

ADDIS ABABA

TO ALL APPEARANCES, the latest summit conference of the Organization for African Unity was a non-event. Only sixteen heads of state showed up of the thirty-eight invited, and what with haggling over procedure and browsing among the tape recorders, cameras, and transistors in the delegates' duty-free shop, they barely got around to their agenda. There was little substantive debate on any issue and none at all on the great social and economic problems affecting the 280 million black Africans whose leaders were gathered here. The single question holding their undivided attention was whether the heads of Guinea and Ghana—the one allegedly keeping a hundred Ghanaians captive, the other having arrested the Guinean delegation on its way to Addis Ababa—should or could or would sit in the same meeting hall. (They didn't.) Nevertheless, the conference earned a footnote in history, if only by reflecting Africa's changing political contours. For trivial as the Ghana dispute may have been, it became a test of strength between the moderate African states and the radical nationalists who have been bullying them into compliance for years. This time, the moderates won.

Nobody attending the first summit meeting of the OAU in 1963

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would have believed that the moderates' victory could come so quickly. There was no doubt about who was running the new continental club in those days: Gamal Abdel Nasser of the United Arab Republic, Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, Ahmed Ben Bella of Algeria, Modeiba Keita of Mali, Sékou Touré of Guinea, Julius Nyerere of Tanganyika. Apart from the politically erratic Nyerere, these were the hard core of the Left, loudly hostile to the West, pressing hard for the military liberation of southern Africa, committed to revolutionary socialism, and leaning heavily toward the Soviet Union and Communist China. Although they controlled less than a third of the votes in the OAU, their presumed hold on the African masses everywhere made it a simple matter for them to browbeat the majority.

BUT a lot has happened in Africa in the last three years. Of the thirty heads of state who came to found the OAU in Addis Ababa, eleven have since been deposed or assassinated. Among the casualties were not only Abbé Fulbert Youlou of the Congo-Brazzaville and Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa of Nigeria—neither of whom Nasser would miss—but Ben Bella and Nkrumah, whose loss stunned him. The combined force of these three exceptionally magnetic personalities had made them look very nearly unbeatable. Since two have been overthrown with surprisingly little trouble, the third now looks much more vulnerable. If anything is plain from the upheavals spreading over the continent—and there have been nine military coups here in the last year and a half alone—it is that Africans are getting fed up with hortatory prose. What they evidently care more and more about, as the realities of independence grow upon them, is not ideology or sentiment but performance—and where domestic policy is concerned, the performance of Africa's radical leaders has been uniformly wretched. Not that moderate leaders have done better. Some have done worse. But the wiser among them have argued all along that African politicians ought to concentrate less on anti-neocolonialism, continental unity, and socialist theories and more on the practical problems of running their young and undeveloped countries. Confirmed in this view by the turn of events, they refuse to be cowed by Nasser's noisy leftist bloc any longer.

When the OAU conference opened on November 5, therefore, the moderate states were prepared at last to face Nasser down. Numerically, his forces were not too badly depleted. Although Ghana had defected, he could still count on Algeria despite Ben Bella's downfall, and had picked up new allies in the Congo-Brazzaville, Mauretania, Burundi, and Somalia. But whatever illusions Nasser had about dictating to a downtrodden majority with this twenty-five per cent minority were soon dispelled. Apparently he did have something of the sort in mind. Determined to reassert his old authority, he clearly intended to exploit the Ghana-Guinea dispute for all it was worth. The Ghanaians, he declared on arriving in Addis Ababa, had behaved so scandalously in arresting Guinea's delegation en route to the conference that they were unfit for OAU membership. Sékou Touré would certainly not come to the summit meeting if they were present, and he himself had come only to see to it that they were expelled forthwith. Either they went, he concluded, or he would go, taking all his friends with him.

Whittling the Left

After four days of furious infighting, however, the Ghanaians were still sitting in Africa Hall, and (though Sékou Touré was not) so was Nasser. By then, of course, an elaborate effort had been made to paper over the cracks at the summit. Ghana had agreed to release its Guinean prisoners and Nasser had promised personally to effect the release of any Ghanaians held in Guinea against their will—a promise, as it turned out, that he was powerless to keep. But there was no doubt that he had, in effect, surrendered. Having called Nasser's bluff, the moderates then proceeded to whittle the Left down to size.

First they dealt with the OAU's secretary-general, Diallo Telli (a Guinean handpicked by Sékou Touré), making a line-by-line examination of his personnel policies and cutting his budget from $4.5 million to $1.7 million. From there, they moved on to the question of the white Rhodesians' rebellion, cutting through a thick fog of oratory on the way. Where the report of the OAU's Committee of Five on Rhodesia made clear references to possible military intervention by African states, they rejected this flatly as "unfeasible," and where their Foreign Ministers had been bludgeoned into voting for a break in diplomatic relations with Great Britain over this issue the previous December, they refused to do more than "take note" of that calamitous resolution. As President Nyerere of Tanzania observed sadly, the resolution had been carried out by only eight of the OAU's thirty-eight member states, and his own decision to respect it had cost Tanzania three million dollars.

It was the OAU's eleven-man African Liberation Committee that got the deepest surgical treatment. Headed by the left-wing Oscar Kambona, Tanzania's former Foreign Minister, and based in the Tanzanian capital of Dar es Salaam, the ALC is supposed to organize and train freedom fighters for the liberation of all southern Africa. While it has run through a large though unrevealed amount of money, it has not gotten far toward liberating anyone or even uniting those who are to do the liberating. Several freedom fighters trained by the ALC spend their time traveling through the world's Communist capitals or attending gatherings such as last year's Tricontinental Conference in Cuba, and most of the others pass their days comfortably in Dar es Salaam's cafés—Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia calls them "chicken-in-the-basket revolutionaries"—while the heads of their splintered liberation movements engage interminably in intramural political warfare. After merciless scrutiny, therefore, the moderate forces at the summit voted to cut the ALC's administrative budget by twenty-five per cent, to provide only ten per cent in cash at two-month intervals and the rest in military equipment, to require regular audits and quarterly financial statements, to distribute money on the basis of performance, to ban the use of funds for any non-ALC purposes (trips to another

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Cuban conference, for instance), to restrict all activities either to the country to be liberated or adjacent territories, and to set up a Committee of Four to investigate the Committee of Eleven more closely.

THAT DONE, the conference ended. What will become of the OAU thus transformed is an open question. Most of the fourteen French-speaking black African states have long since lost interest in it, sending only surrogates for their heads of state to the summit and devoting their energies to their own regional organization, OCAM. A good many other non-radical states tend also to regard the OAU as little more than an arena for left-wing acrobatics, and accordingly a waste of money and time. They would not like to disband it entirely—it has often been a useful mediator in border clashes such as those between Algeria and Morocco, or Somalia and Ethiopia—but they are not inclined to put their heart and soul into strengthening it. Apart from Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, proud of his achievement in making Addis Ababa the capital of Africa, only the radical nationalists have worked in the OAU with true dedication, hoping to use it as a means of influencing all of Africa in their direction. Since little hope can remain to them after this summit meeting, they will obviously have to re-examine their strategy.

So will the Soviet Union, which, having shared so generously in the African radicals' former triumph, must now share in their reverses. Even in the halcyon early 1960's, the Russians' policy was not to initiate situations in Africa but to take advantage of them. Much depended, therefore, on how many situations they could take advantage of. Until last year, there were quite a few. Ghana, well on its way to becoming Africa's first authentic Communist state under Kwame Nkrumah, stood far above any on the list. Next came Mali, followed at some distance by Ben Bella's Algeria, the UAR, Guinea (considerably lower down), and Somalia (at the bottom). To a limited extent, the Congo-Brazzaville, Burundi, and the Zanzibar branch of Tanzania could also be useful. Though primarily in Communist China's orbit, they still offered opportunities to operate not only in the Congo-Kinshasa but among all the liberation movements for southern Africa.

With both Nkrumah and Ben Bella gone and the Nasserite forces everywhere in a steep decline, the Russians have already begun to revise their strategy substantially. They are continuing to supply arms to Algeria, the UAR, Mali, Somalia, Guinea, the Congo-Brazzaville, and Zanzibar, ranging from several hundred million dollars' worth of top-quality weapons in the first case to token shipments in the last. They are also continuing to train large numbers of southern African freedom fighters in the Soviet Union—not to mention eight hundred Somalis and one hundred Eritreans getting into trim for a skirmish with Ethiopia. But at the same time, they are trying to avoid dangerous commitments to their African friends and become more acceptable to conservative governments.

Lately, for instance, they have invited King Hassan of Morocco, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, President Nicolas Grunitzky of Togo, and President Ahmadou Ahidjo of Cameroun to visit Moscow; offered arms to Morocco and Ethiopia; sent economic missions to Rwanda, Tunisia, Morocco, and Cameroun; and negotiated with President Félix Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast to open an embassy in the Ivory Coast. If these are not quite the kind of situations they are accustomed to take advantage of, they are at any rate striving valiantly to keep abreast of the times.

One would like to think that the more judicious African leaders will be able to do as well—or at least that they will not be overtaken by events. Whatever they may have accomplished here, their victory is unlikely to help them much when they get home among the 280 million Africans still living largely in grievous poverty. It is not their performance in Addis Ababa but in their own capitals that counts.

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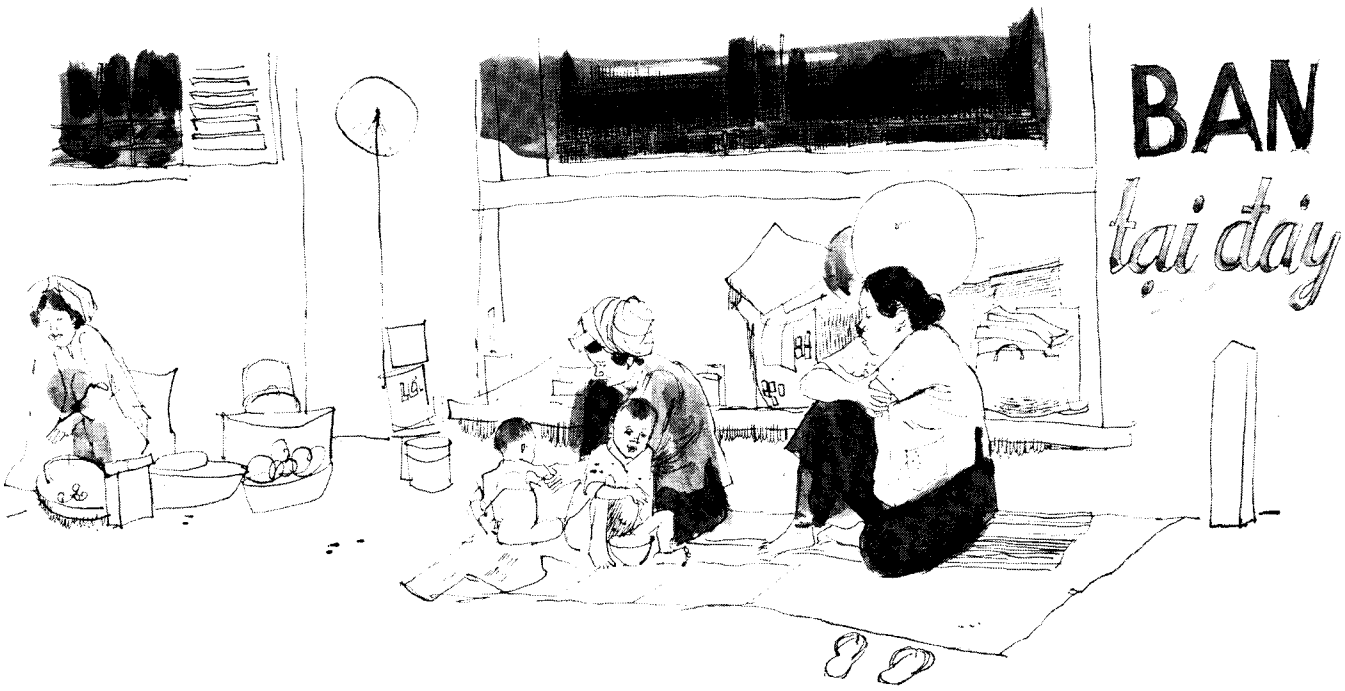

Vietnam: The Ordeal of Pacification

DENIS WARNER

DANANG

On the outskirts of Danang, just beyond the southern limits of the airbase, is the village of Hoa Toa. Two of the hamlets within the village are only about a mile from the office that used to be headquarters for the pacification center in Quang Nam Province, one of the five national priority areas in both 1965 and 1966. Last November, new bamboo fences appeared around the hamlets, which were then officially declared pacified. Five months later, after the government forces charged with keeping the main-force enemy units out of the area had abandoned their posts and gone off to join the Buddhist melee in Danang, the Vietcong entered the hamlets and slit the throats of the hamlet chiefs.

Today the national pacification center for Quang Nam Province has withdrawn to a safer haven, the fences around the hamlets have been pushed down, a Vietcong main-force regiment is operating in the neighborhood, and the whole pacification program here is under urgent review. The question is not what new fields there are to conquer, but what may be salvaged from the fiasco of the past. In every way, this is a sobering place to begin inquiries into the Revolutionary Development Program, that "other war" on which, in the long term, peace and progress in Vietnam so obviously depend. In this narrow but densely populated plain one may see not merely the evidence of current failure but the skeletons of pacification endeavors dating back for sixteen years.

Errors of the Past

It was in 1950 that General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny began to build a chain of concrete blockhouses in a desperate attempt to control this plain and the Red River Delta farther north. The interlocking forts were to provide co-ordinated fields of fire sufficient to keep the Communist cadres out of contact with the peasants. The scheme did not work. The Vietminh simply infiltrated the countryside by night and knocked out the blockhouses one by one. Long abandoned, they still stand with their little moats overgrown and their barbed wire rusted. Tin cans that were meant to warn of an intruder's approach through the protecting minefields still rattle in the monsoon winds.

The Diem régime tried to build strategic hamlets in the same area. Its successors experimented with "New Life" villages and operations designed to spread the government apparatus "like an oil stain" through the hamlets and paddies. These attempts had at least one common factor—a total lack of success. Worse, though the intention always has been to provide an infinitely better way of life for the peasants, they seem unable to tell the difference between the Revolutionary Development Program of today and the National Revolutionary Movement of the Diem era. They still use the term "strategic hamlet," though the concept has long been officially discarded.

The new Revolutionary Development Program in fact involves a great change in organization, direction, finance, and planning. But it is easy to understand the peasants' failure to appreciate not only the finer points between what the Diem régime attempted and what Gen-

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eral Nguyen Duc Thang, the dynamic Minister of Revolutionary Development, hopes to achieve today but also the differences between what the Communists and the anti-Communists have in mind. For the past six years a succession of administrations has flattered the Vietcong by copying their methods and tactics. One western official complained to me four years ago that too many lessons were being copied from the Vietcong in the strategic hamlets. "It makes it difficult for the peasant to find a criterion by which to discriminate between the Communists and the government," he said. "The difference should be unmistakable to the peasant and obviously to the Communists' disadvantage. It is not." If this official were in Vietnam today, I would expect to hear the same criticism.

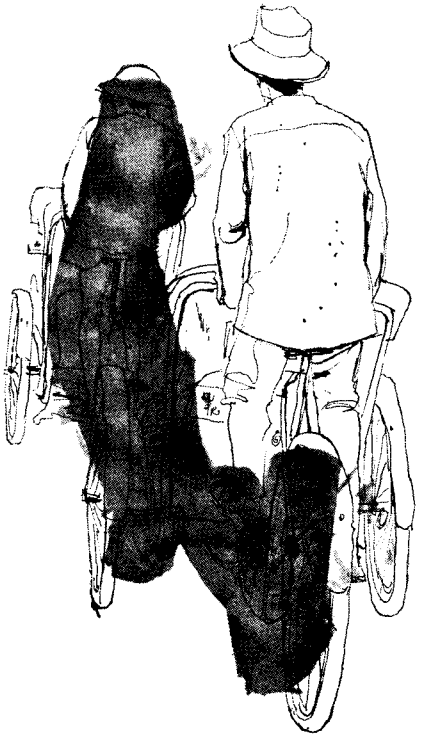
THE Revolutionary Development Program was meant to be in large part imitative. It is the outgrowth of a small-scale operation launched by two Americans, Frank Scotton and Bob Kelly, in Quang Ngai Province in 1963. Like many others, Scotton and Kelly were impressed with the quality of the Vietcong agitation and propaganda program, and they thought it worthwhile in that Communist-controlled province to try to beat the Vietcong at their own game. Scotton was working for the United States Information Service; Kelly was on detachment from the Army to the Agency for International Development. "We kicked around the idea of an armed propaganda team to rap on the village gates and to start talking to people," said Kelly. "It was as simple as that."

Kelly and Scotton handpicked their recruits from the hamlets in Tu Ngia district, where they intended the platoon to operate. After thirty days of basic indoctrination in everything from Mao Tse-tung's theories of revolutionary warfare to the goals of government, the platoon went to work. Its success exceeded its sponsors' wildest hopes. Soon the platoon was spending the night in hamlets where government troops had never spent the night before. The team taught and helped the villagers—and even gave them haircuts. And since some Vietnamese, like many people the world over, are predisposed to gossip with their barber, valuable intelligence began to come in, too.

The idea proved so compelling that Saigon moved in and set up training schools for political action teams at Vung Tau. At the same time, the imitative cadre scheme proliferated in other parts of the country. Province chiefs began their own programs, some of which overlapped and even conflicted with the Vung Tau idea.

Nationalizing the Idea

The current national mass training of cadres at Vung Tau under the Ministry of Revolutionary Development is the result. Here the lessons that Scotton and Kelly taught to a small elite in Quang Ngai are being expanded into what Saigon and Washington believe will become a national revolution. "What we are doing is promising the revolution that the Vietcong have also promised," said an originator of the mass plan. "We intend to give the little man a chance, to see fair distribution of land and a proper land-reform program, to make sure that landlords don't charge intolerable rents, to give social justice. We will get enough schools and teachers to give everyone a chance for an education. But we don't believe in killing all who are against us. In this respect, we are not like the Vietcong. We are going to give everyone a chance, including the landlords. We'll push the revolution from the hamlets into the villages and districts and provinces, so that eventually it must become a national revolution."



This is the principle. The practice is something else. It would have been wildly optimistic, of course, to expect the mass-produced cadres from the Vung Tau school, operating in much larger teams of fifty-nine men each, to match the performance of the twenty-seven-man Scotton-Kelly team. The addition of specialists to help in determining the villagers' grievances and aspirations, to care for their medical needs, and to help with construction work was a necessary and valuable addition to simple agitation and propaganda. But inevitably, in addition to the dilution of initiative, such tasks brought the Ministry of Revolutionary Development into conflict with other government ministries and with other departments in the field. Though there have been some exceptional results, the high level of expectation has given way to a generally low level of performance. Revolutionary Development may some day find the answers to the Vietcong's hold on many of the rural areas, but it has not found them yet.

"It is working well enough in some parts of the country to convince us that the principle is right," a senior American official said. "But in some key places it is not working at all." Another said: "I guess to be fair you must compare it with the performance in the Vietnamese Army. We've spent a lot of time, effort, and money on that army, and the results, as you know, are both good and bad."

IT WOULD BE as misleading to assess the program by its poor performance in Quang Nam Province as it would be to judge it on the strength of its success in the Mekong Delta province of An Giang, where conditions are vastly different. Quang Nam is almost a caricature of the problems that beset the program generally; An Giang is too good to be true almost anywhere else.

When the hamlets around the Danang airfield were chosen as a

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national-priority pacification area, General Nguyen Chanh Thi, then the commander of I Corps, remarked that if the plan worked there it would work anywhere. He had in mind the region's long history of Vietcong and Vietminh domination. "You can't separate the Vietcong from the people here," an American official said. "The people are the Vietcong." In An Giang, on the other hand, the people certainly are not the Vietcong. They are members of the militant Hoa Hao sect, which, since the fall of its nemesis, Ngo Dinh Diem, has been staunchly on the side of the government and bitterly opposed to the Vietcong, whose predecessors murdered the sect's founder, Huynh Phu So.

An Giang is ninety-five per cent secure; Quang Nam is hardly secure at all. I asked the acting province chief of Quang Nam for an estimate of the number of totally secure hamlets in the province. He consulted his charts and awarded 155 to the government forces and 386 to the Vietcong. One American estimate of the situation, however, is that only eighteen hamlets in the province could be regarded as anything like secure.

"How many do you think would be secure enough for you and me to spend a night there?" I asked the province chief.

He paused for a minute and then pointed on the map to the island of Cu Lao Cham, about twelve miles off the coast. "There's one hamlet on that island," he said. "That's the only one in the province where it would be completely safe to spend the night." As if to emphasize this point, a defector from the Vietcong main force, who was visiting his wife in a village at the edge of the provincial capital and just fifty yards from a large concentration of government troops, was murdered that night in his home by the Vietcong. To prevent incidents of this sort is next to impossible, yet unless they can be prevented, Revolutionary Development must expect setback after setback.

This is precisely the reason why the failures in Quang Nam are more important than the successes elsewhere. Although Quang Nam's problems are exacerbated by peculiar experiences, they are not untypical of what must yet be faced in other densely populated and critical provinces. To understand what has gone wrong in Quang Nam is also to know why, in such a relatively responsive province as Long An in the Mekong Delta, the Vietcong have

been able to recruit and train four thousand main-force soldiers in the last six months.

A Dragging of Feet

To begin with, there are doubts even about whether the lip service paid at the highest levels of government is a true reflection of the executive's understanding of the program. Revolutionary Development involves not only the cadres from Vung Tau but a host of follow-up and complementary operations, including economic aid for rural areas, rehabilitation and resettlement of refugees, expansion of the police field force, election of village chiefs, and higher pay for them. In some of these fields there has been no effective co-operation within the government; in others, the co-operation has been less than adequate. As an example, for unexplained reasons the government has been stalling for months on village elections and the U.S.-financed plan that would almost double the pay of village chiefs, thus presumably helping to combat corruption and provide the rural areas with more effective leadership.

Against this background, it is scarcely surprising that there is conflict between the Revolutionary Development Ministry and the regional military commanders, who are in a position to make or break any program originating in Saigon. General Thang, the minister, has a reputation for drive and imagination among American officials working closely with him; but in General Hoang Xuan Lam, acting commander of I Corps, which has executive authority over the Quang Nam project, he has an outspoken critic. After conducting a series of seminars at Vung Tau to explain the objectives and needs of the program to province chiefs and others, Thang went to I Corps on a similar mission. Lam was in no mood to listen. He attacked Thang and walked out of the meeting, setting a pattern for behavior that has been followed in the other corps areas.

Some of Lam's objections to the program, though specifically applicable in I Corps, are again symptomatic of the difficulties that have been encountered elsewhere. Apart from the Vietcong and the now very much subdued Buddhist Struggle Movement, the major political force in Quang Nam and its neighboring provinces is the VNQDD, the Vietnamese Kuomintang Party, which began life forty years ago as an offshoot of the Chinese Kuomintang. It claims, no doubt with excessive enthusiasm, some fifty thousand members in the province and expects a substantial share of all the spoils, political and material. The party has seen to it that substantially more than half of the village chiefs and almost all the cadres chosen for training at Vung Tau come from its ranks. Kuomintang members make no secret that they are saving for another day, that guns and other equipment are going into their underground for purposes that may be indirectly related to the fight against the Vietcong but have little or no relevance to the present struggle.

There is some basis for the army's suspicion that Revolutionary Development is really VNQDD development. Instead of getting the high-quality recruits that the program demands, Vung Tau too often gets the VNQDD appointee, the draft dodger, the friend or relative of the district or village chief. "The cadres are afraid of difficulties, of hardships, and of self-sacrifice," said General

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Thang in a frank review of his problems.

It is unfair, however, to blame the teams for all their apparent shortcomings. Their training prepares them to operate in relatively secure and friendly areas, and the Quang Nam pacification zone is anything but that. When government forces moved out during the Buddhist crisis, they not only left the hamlets defenseless but even abandoned their stocks of Bouncing Betys, one of the more lethal of the anti-personnel mines. The Vietcong seized both the people and the mines. The U.S. Marines have been trying to dig both out ever since then, but at a high cost to themselves and to the general theory of pacification.

A Sullen Province

Instead of becoming a cheerful and contented community, basking in the glow of a generous follow-up aid program, Quang Nam has become an area of sullen, cold hostility. Only five per cent of the votes cast in the province on September 11 were invalid; but in the provincial pacification area, where 91.4 per cent turned out to vote, thirty-three per cent cast invalid votes. Many voted because they knew they would be required later to show their pink stamped cards to prove they had performed their democratic duty; their true sympathies lay elsewhere.

Pathetically little of the economic aid intended to succor refugees and to provide the good life that Revolutionary Development promises seems to get through to the hamlets. I heard of one instance in which five hundred cases of cooking oil left the provincial capital but, according to the district chief, only a hundred arrived at his headquarters. In another district, all the village chiefs lived in the capital and some had never visited their villages.

I took these complaints to a senior provincial official. "Corruption! It is terrible," he said. "It is almost impossible to get a district chief who is not corrupt. They expect graft as their right. They take risks and expect rewards. It is very hard to fight this sort of corruption. Very few province or district chiefs are brought to court. The punishment is usually just to let them go back to their military units. People like corruption. Everyone expects their share. They don't take everything. Perhaps half gets to where it is intended to go in the hamlets."

Saigon importers say that a fourth of all commodities that enter the port are stolen there, often by the military, who come at night with trucks and guns to intimidate the guards and load up. "I think this is the only country in the world where you can be in an office negotiating the entry of goods and watch them being sold outside on the black market," said a businessman. "We've imported enough cement to cover this countryside in concrete a foot deep," one American official said. "Where do you think it has gone? Into new buildings in the towns and into Vietcong bunkers." In some provinces American officials dismiss theft and corruption as minor problems. In one it is accepted openly, and all supplies leaving the provincial capital are supplemented to accommodate the needs of the district and village chiefs. "This is their way of life," said one provincial AID representative. "We must adjust ourselves accordingly."

This is a highly debatable point. One problem with the Revolutionary Development teams is that they often arrive from Vung Tau full of enthusiasm only to lose it in the venal atmosphere of the provinces. Many province chiefs, too, are anything but enthusiastic about revolutionary changes; there is profit in the status quo, and they employ the teams accordingly. "We have lots of resignations," said an American official. "We hadn't counted on the number being so high." One team resigned in a body after government troops, in pursuit of the team's three-girl medical group, opened fire on the cadres.

The program demands leadership, and this too often is lacking. "We can't get men out of army training centers," an American official complained. "We can't get army officers. In short, we can't get recruits of the standard we need." Seventeen is the minimum age, but even younger recruits have been accepted. It is not surprising, then, that often the teams are called on to perform tasks beyond their capabilities.

In some areas, the teams are scarcely able to move beyond the district capitals. They are losing around fifty men a month killed in action. General Thang complains that the population fails to give adequate support and that the cadres, for their part, too often play a negative or inactive role in the defense of villages and hamlets. There is also a lack of co-ordination between cadre teams and village and hamlet administrators. Teams undertake unwise or impractical projects that sound impressive in their reports. Schools are built where there are already too many, and other tasks are performed in a hasty and slipshod way. Instead of staying long enough to persuade the villagers to contribute by self-help, the cadres perform their tasks and go their way. Instead of being regarded as the people's school, the building left by the cadres is identified only with the government and there is little complaint or surprise when the Vietcong reappear and pull it down.

YET with all these shortcomings, the Revolutionary Development Program has worked extremely well in some places. The pacification areas in Binh Dinh Province are a shining example. There the South Korean Capital Division provided a shield behind which the cadres evicted the Vietcong organization and created a solid and expanding base of seventy hamlets that meet all the high expectations of the Revolutionary Development Program. The Vietcong never have been very active in Tuyen Duc Province. For this reason, there is less of a challenge there. Even so, the performance of the cadres around the mountain resort of Dalat and the demonstrable improvement in the physical state and outlook of the hamlets show what the program can accomplish when teams are able to go about their tasks in relative security.

What the program lacks most is authority. It demands priorities that regional commanders, province chiefs, and others are not prepared to concede. They have their own ideas about how to fight the war and win the peace; they resent and obstruct outside orders and advice. This is not just the curse of the Revolutionary Development Program but also of the whole effort in Vietnam.

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The High Cost Of Not Spending

JOHN I. BROOKS

IMAGINE yourself for a moment the president of a large industrial corporation. Your inventory manager reports that he has found a number of items in the company stock bins that are obsolete or just not in demand and could well be eliminated. "Good work, Diggs," you say, and tell him to estimate the amount saved by his reduction in that part of overhead devoted to inventory management. A few weeks later he comes back with a figure of $10,000 for the year.

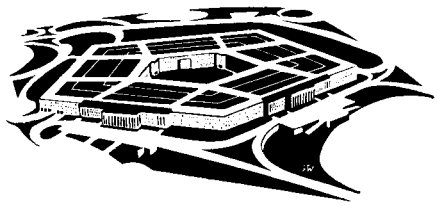
Three years later you order a review of the company's inventory. It is found that the total inventory has risen, and that it contains items nearly identical to the ones Diggs had eliminated. Yet Diggs is still claiming and will continue to claim an annual saving of $10,000 on the basis that this is the cost of storing and handling the items he had withdrawn three years before.

What do you do—call Diggs on the carpet or go right on reporting his savings claims to the stockholders?

You, the corporation president, are in precisely the same position as the Special Investigations subcommittee of the House Armed Services Committee, which finished in mid-September its study of $1.25 billion of the $14 billion that Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara claims the Pentagon has saved in its cost-reduction program over the last five years. Although the probers did not attack McNamara personally, they did challenge him in a way that threatens to tarnish his reputation as the administration's Mr. Efficiency and all-round fiscal miracle worker (our Mr. Diggs). More important, however, is the fact that McNamara's managerial methods are being commended by their proponents to the entire Federal bureaucracy and his budgeting methods will soon be adopted by other departments. If his vaunted cost-reduction program is full of puffed-up claims, the implications are serious indeed and the subcommittee's findings need careful assessment. Yet little attention was paid to the hearings conducted by the subcommittee or to the conclusions that followed, and the Defense Department's response to the whole matter was brief and bland.

On the Carpet

The Armed Services subcommittee entered the investigation with respectable credentials. Under the chairmanship of Porter Hardy, Jr., a Virginia Democrat with a flair for homespun phrasing, the panel has scored impressively in some recent inquiries. A notable example was an investi-



gation of the Aerospace Corporation, which disclosed such facets of life in government-backed research as inflated salaries, unlimited sick leave, and a $3,113.02 payment to truck the yacht of the corporation's president from Massachusetts to California. Two of the Congressmen flanking Hardy at the committee table were Otis Pike, a Long Island Democrat who has a prosecutor's tenacity, and Alexander Pirnie, a New York State Republican, who is of gentler manner but consistently cuts through mounds of statistics and verbiage to hammer away at principles.

Preparations for the hearings, which by coincidence opened two days after McNamara had released his 1966 cost-reduction report to the press on July 11, consumed a full year. The subcommittee's small staff was augmented by investigators on loan from the General Accounting Office (GAO). The sample of cost-reduction claims chosen for investigation was limited to two fiscal years (1964 and 1965) and to the largest single category of reductions—what the Pentagon calls "Buying Only What We Need." Within these limits, the investigators selected major savings claims at random, except that an effort was made to include reductions by each of the services and the Defense Supply Agency.

The kinds of answers provided by Pentagon witnesses were not unlike those we might imagine coming from our hypothetical cost-conscious Mr. Diggs when called on the carpet. "All my savings claims are valid," Diggs would argue, "because if I had not eliminated the items I did, the cost of keeping them in the inventory would have been incurred every year, and the company's overhead would have been that much higher. The cost of taking care of the items eliminated in the first year would have been $10,000. And if they had not been withdrawn, they would have cost $10,000 the next year. And the same goes for every year. The fact that the company's total inventory has risen makes no difference whatever. It would have been just that much greater if I had not made my withdrawals."

But what about the re-entry into the inventory of items previously removed? "I try to watch for re-entry of withdrawn items, and certainly any re-entries should be deducted from my total," Diggs would reply, "but in an operation as large as ours, it isn't possible to eliminate them entirely."

THE PENTAGON FIGURES for the savings claims based on inventory withdrawals are, of course, staggeringly higher than Diggs's, amounting over a four-year period to $193.5 million; the built-in cumulative saving going into fiscal 1966 was $83.5 million.

The arguments advanced on behalf of the inventory eliminations and similar claims are internally consistent. They rest, however, on a concept of "saving" that the subcommittee could not accept. Thus, all inventory withdrawals for whatever reason were counted. To the Congressmen this seemed to be equating savings with reductions in expenditure. Obsolescence of parts and equipment is one main reason for discontinuing items in the inven-

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tory, and to claim a saving on this basis seemed like seeking a bonus for getting to work on time.

The Pentagon has an answer to this. It wasn't voiced in the context of the inventory-reduction case, but it came up repeatedly during the hearings and runs like this: "If you are going to have a cost-reduction program, you have got to have measurable results. If the men you're relying on to spot possibilities for cutting costs aren't given any credit, pretty soon they'll stop looking. It is always easier for a man just to follow routine." Many who have managerial responsibilities may nod a melancholy assent to this argument, but to the subcommittee it seemed that in many cases the actions resulting in cost-reduction claims should be part of the "routine" in any well-run establishment.

A major objection was raised to the cumulative feature of the inventory-savings claims. This seemed to the subcommittee to be a means of artificially jacking up cost-reduction figures, particularly when an earlier investigation by the General Accounting Office had shown that of a sample of 722 items coming into the inventory, 351 were the same as items previously eliminated. The piling up of savings from year to year, the subcommittee said, makes the claim for savings in this category in any one year meaningless. A tabulation submitted by the GAO showed, for example, that new withdrawals in fiscal 1964 resulted in claims of $17.6 million saved, but that the total claim for that year was $61 million, the balance being carry-overs from the two preceding fiscal years.

Furthermore, Representative Pike detected an inconsistency between the stated need to motivate Pentagon personnel to be cost-conscious and the cumulative inventory-reduction claims. Addressing Assistant Defense Secretary Robert N. Anthony, the Pentagon controller, Pike said: "You've got, I think the statement shows, $83 million worth of savings you are going to have under the cost-reduction program even if nobody lifts a finger to save a dime. Doesn't this criterion sort of fly in the face of your attempt to motivate people?"

Apparently the Pentagon itself is not entirely satisfied with this procedure, for in his reply Anthony said, "It is quite possible that we will come up with a different criterion for this in the future."

Unzipping the Navy

Three points in the examination of inventory reduction came up repeatedly in other phases investigated by the subcommittee. These were the claiming of savings resulting from what is, or should be, routine business; the disregard of offsetting expenditures when calculating savings claims; and the heavy stress by the Pentagon on savings claims as a kind of "reward" to spur greater cost-reduction effort.

One illustrative instance was the procurement of the Bullpup, an aircraft-launched guided missile used against ground targets. In fiscal 1964 the Air Force claimed a $50-million saving for not buying the A version of this missile. A Defense Department statement at the time said that this cancellation "resulted from a decision to procure the B series in lieu of the A series." The Air Force bought $25 million worth of Bullpup Bs that year. Yet the $25 million was not subtracted from the $50-million savings claim.

Another case involved the pants worn by Navy enlisted men. Ten years ago the Navy abandoned an experiment with zipper-fly trousers and returned to the traditional ones that rely on thirteen buttons. At the time, some half-million pairs of the zipper-front pants were on hand, and these immediately became "in long supply."

When the change was made, the Navy ordered the zipper trousers issued until the stock was used up, but the order was ignored. In 1963 an employee at the Philadelphia office of the Defense Supply Agency discovered this situation and suggested that the five hundred thousand zipper pants be issued to new recruits. This process was begun, and the supply agency promptly claimed a saving of $329,634. This amount is insignificant in Defense budget terms, but the subcommittee's investigator said the case was representative of many claims made for use of "excess inventory," and the Congressmen found the principle behind the claim appalling.

The Philadelphia office man who spotted the piles of zipper pants should be given credit, the subcommittee said in its report, but "such savings should not be reported publicly as an example of management excellence—for where management is actually lax, this sort of savings may become more frequent." Or as Hardy put it in the hearing room: "To take credit for something like that is to take credit for someone not beating his wife."

Another Pentagon savings practice that raised eyebrows during the hearing usually permits a twenty-five per cent savings claim when a contract is awarded through competitive bidding. The aim of the criterion is to discourage the expensive sole-source contract, and indeed the use of this once prevalent system is declining. Under sharp questioning by Representative Pike, however, Defense Department witnesses acknowledged that this yardstick results in an increase in claimed savings every time the cost of a competitively awarded contract goes up. If a competitive contract awarded for $100 million soars to $200 million, the savings claim will go from $25 million to $50 million.

Assistant Defense Secretary Paul R. Ignatius and his lieutenants in the Installations and Logistics branch of the Pentagon defended the standard on the ground that where price escalation occurs in a competitive contract, it would also have occurred in a sole-source contract. The twenty-five per cent savings claim serves to stimulate the services to put more contracts out for bidding, they said. Pike and Hardy commented that it would prove hard to convince taxpayers that their money is being saved when contract costs go up.

Congressional Pique

At several points in the hearings, the subcommittee sought to establish that pressures from McNamara's level at the Pentagon have been responsible for claims regarded as dubious by the individual services. It was brought out that Army auditors rejected savings claims based on the canceled procurement of a new machine gun and a reduction in the spare-parts inventory, but

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that in both cases the Army was overruled by Defense Department officials. Air Force auditors' efforts to scale down a large claim in that service met the same fate.

In this kind of atmosphere, with cost-reduction quotas established for each service (the Pentagon says they are "goals" and insists they originate with the services themselves), judgments harmful to the nation's defense have been made, the subcommittee charged. Much of the material that would substantiate this statement, according to the subcommittee's report, has been stamped "secret" by the Defense Department. It is worth noting, however, that the Congressmen are not alleging gross mismanagement of the war effort. There is no cry of "McNamara must go" in the report. But the subcommittee said that it found the conclusion "inescapable" that some cost reductions "have had a significant, adverse effect on our national defense structure in terms of degraded combat potential." Some of the harshness of this statement may be attributed to general Congressional pique at a Defense Secretary who closes military bases with little more than a nod in the direction of Congressional authority and refuses to spend appropriated sums for programs he does not think worthwhile—and gets away with it.

One of the real difficulties in trying to validate all the Defense Department's economy claims is that the criteria used to measure them in many instances seem to contradict the very doctrines that McNamara and his associates have championed. The managerial techniques customarily grouped under the heading "systems analysis" have one thing in common that the cost-reduction measurements seem to lack: a thorough examination of all the consequences of an event or action. For example, in a problem involving a choice between weapons systems, Pentagon analysts insist on an examination of each alternative and a complete study of the gains to be derived from it. Yet in the cost-reduction program, the subcommittee often found that only one side of the ledger was being examined —the side that showed a saving— with little consideration or none at all of any offsetting expenditures.

In most cases the Defense Department repeated as its reason for counting only the savings that its employees would thereby become more cost-conscious. This amounts to singling out the advantage of motivation and excluding all other consequences of making the biggest possible cost-reduction claims. One obvious unforeseen consequence of this system was the precipitation of a Congressional investigation.

There were more. During the hearings, the savings claims made by McNamara at his July press conference came in for some ridicule. Representative Pike wondered aloud whether, if his wife chose not to buy a mink coat marked down from $1,000 to $500, she had saved $500 or $1,000. Subcommittee member Charles Gubser, a California Republican, wanted to know if the Pentagon would still be claiming a saving for not buying bows and arrows if the cost-reduction program had begun when these items were removed from the nation's arsenal.

Despite these gibes, which the Pentagon seems not to have taken lightly, McNamara and his associates probably will not make major changes in the program. During the hearings and in a statement answering the subcommittee, the Defense Department put much stress on a review of the economy program conducted last winter by the accounting firm of Touche, Ross, Bailey & Smart. The chief conclusion of this study was that the reporting system had produced "a reasonable over-all monetary expression of the savings achieved under the Program." Hardy brushed off the accountants' conclusion as a "horseback opinion," the result of a study carried out in sixty days in contrast to the twelve-month subcommittee investigation. He said it was a mere review of management and could furnish no measure of the accuracy of the reported savings.

McNamara clearly disagrees and is prepared to stand behind the study. One could hardly expect him to do otherwise, for a major downward revision of savings claims now would constitute an uncharacteristic retreat on the part of the Defense chief. It would seem that we are in for more big claims, more Congressional criticism, and very likely more jokes about mink coats and bows and arrows.

Bolivia: Revolution In Mid-Passage

GLADYS DELMAS

La Paz

The plane from Lima to La Paz comes in low over Lake Titicaca, high in the Andes on the boundary between Peru and Bolivia. Suddenly, on the Bolivian side, tin roofs glitter on top of adobe huts that are otherwise brown like the surrounding fields. The tin roofs are the talk of Bolivia, but beliefs differ widely on how they got there. That they are a sign of progress in this poorest and most desolate of America's regions there is no doubt. But how did they get there? Are they attributable mostly to the franchise granted the illiterate Indian by the revolution of 1952, or to the agrarian reform of 1953 that freed him from virtual serfdom and made him master of his land?

One political observer is scornful: "Sure, they have cash to buy roofing instead of using rushes. The campesinos are seventy per cent of Bolivia. How do you suppose politicians win votes?" Others, enthusiasts for agrarian reform, give full credit to the Indians in sentiments that may be paraphrased thus: "These people, with small help from outside, have shown enterprise and initiative. It is quite a step to move all at once to personal independence after centuries of subservience to a landowner who could command from a family some twelve man-days of work a week plus the use of its animals and

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tools as rent for its plot. And if there were years just after the revolution when production went down and for a while less food arrived in the towns—and into the statistics—who is to say that the campesino himself didn't eat better?" As proof that the change is not simply due to handouts, they point to fields of onions and carrots—cash crops—where subsistence potatoes and barley grew before; to new schools and health centers built by the villagers themselves; and to bicycles and transistor radios in the hands of people whose horizon had been limited by their own small village.

If there are thus varying opinions as to the economic impact of the revolution on the countryside—and anyone who has traveled the rocky trails that pass for roads in Bolivia into the dusty, waterless, electricityless Aymara or Quechua villages will admit that tin roofs, glazed windows, and a school do not make a modern town—there is no doubt whatever as to its psychological effect.

The word "Indian" is taboo, replaced by "campesino," countryman. Before 1952, benches in public parks bore the sign "Not for Indians." Indians walked in the gutter; sidewalks were for white men. Today the campesinos in their colorful clothes trot industriously up and down the narrow, precipitous sidewalks of La Paz; their women, with wide skirts and perhaps a baby slung behind, often force city people to step aside. Lowered eyes and blank faces, the attitudes of submission, are gone, replaced by alertness and frequently a smile; and the smile of an Aymara woman illuminates her broad Mongolian face like a floodlight.

When in November, 1964, a military junta overthrew President Víctor Paz Estenssoro and with him the political apparatus that had made the revolution, some people thought that this heralded a counter-revolution. A few landowners even returned to their haciendas—only to find that their campesinos would no longer work for them. The junta soon proclaimed that its goal was to "restore" to the revolution its original purpose, to weed out the corruption that was stifling it, and to reaffirm the civil liberties that had been all but abolished as Paz tried to maintain control of a dwindling and divided party.

The Bolivian revolution, like the Mexican one before it, had devised its program as it went along: nationalizing the mines of the "tin barons" Aramayo, Hochschild, and Patiño under pressure from the Communist and Trotskyite unions, distributing land *after* the bloody invasion of the haciendas, enfranchising the illiterate in order to stay in power. This hodgepodge of a program has now become a mythology. Even the upper class pays lip service to it, while enumerating its mistakes. And General René Barrientos, co-president of the junta and constitutional President since August, ran his election as candidate of the Bolivian Revolutionary Front, a tenuous coalition of small parties ranging all over the political spectrum. The revolution is clearly here to stay. All revolutions, however, run a zigzag course of spurts and breathing spells. The Bolivian revolution is at present "taking five."

Serious attempts are being made to bring order into the disrupted economy, and the results are encouraging. Over the past three years the national product has been growing by more than four per cent annually. The peso has been stable for eight years—a record in this area. The national budget is almost balanced and American aid is no longer being diverted to bolster it. Bolivian capital is beginning to flow back and foreign capital is coming in, not only from the United States but from Europe as well (ADELA, a private European consortium, has just bought into the Bolivian Industrial Bank). There is even a modest building boom, and cement is in short supply.

It is the nationalized mines, however, that have been the center of attention. Organized as an autonomous agency, the Bolivian Mining Corporation (COMIBOL) had become a state within the state. Politics was more important than production; costs soared; output sank. This, combined with a sharp drop in world tin prices in the 1950's, the declining quality of the ore, and the antiquated machinery left by the tin barons—who had seen the handwriting on the wall and made no investment prior to nationalization—put COMIBOL deeply in the red. In twelve years after the revolution it lost nearly $100 million. The military junta attacked the problem on two fronts: by breaking the power of the unions (a union leader sat beside each manager with veto power over all decisions, for instance), and by trying to use more effectively the aid tendered in 1961 by the United States, West Germany, and the Inter-American Development Bank in what is known as the Triangular Plan. Of the $44.5 million disbursed under the plan, nearly a third was contributed by the U.S. in local currency funds simply to cover deficits. The third and final contribution of $10 million, of which the American share was about $6 million, was negotiated last year. It is hoped that it will be used more productively, in exploration and in modernization both of mining equipment and the appallingly squalid mining towns.

Meanwhile, drastic measures, such as lowering wages, firing surplus workers, and controlling the miners' old custom of stealing ore and selling it back to COMIBOL, have borne fruit. In the first quarter of 1966, COMIBOL made a profit of $1.4 million as compared with a loss of $2.7 million for the same quarter last year. Politically the mines are still potentially explosive, of course, but more moderate leadership is gaining ground in the unions; the government's reputation for toughness is discouraging professional agitators. Juan Lechín, the union leader who had made the mines his barony, was charged in absentia with common theft; his influence has waned and, although he has returned "secretly" from exile, the government has not honored him by a full-scale manhunt.

Beyond the Mines

If to many people Bolivia is simply a tin mine surrounded by impossible geography, the miners themselves represent only one per cent of its four millions. But mining accounts for almost all of the foreign exchange that is so essential since Bolivia imports practically all of its industrial goods as well as some of its food—ninety per cent of its wheat, for instance. Socially and economically the country is thus a pyramid balancing on its point, and

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so far the point is receiving the most attention. Mining and petroleum are allotted forty-six per cent of the national budget, as compared with ten per cent for education in a country where seventy per cent of the people are illiterate. Even the U.S. Agency for International Development program puts "rural development" fourth on its list of priorities. Yet nearly three-quarters of all Bolivians are farmers, among the most poverty-stricken in Latin America.

The government of the revolution has given them the dignity of free men, but little else. Less than half of them have received legal title to their land. The Council of Agrarian Reform, responsible for the task, gets 0.06 per cent of the national budget and pays its few surveyors twenty-five dollars a month—an open invitation to corruption. When I asked a village leader what his main concern was, he promptly said "titles," although almost in the same breath he added, "better seeds and credit for fertilizer." The distribution of titles has thus become a political lever.

Even in full possession of his land, however, the campesino does not have very much. The attempt to give something to everyone has resulted in most cases in plots that are too small for rational farming. The plague of minifundia has replaced that of latifundia. Since the cultivated part of Bolivia—chiefly the Altiplano and the Cochabamba Valley, at heights of from nine thousand to fourteen thousand feet—is only a small part of the whole, colonization has seemed the obvious solution. But ambitious projects to accomplish it, particularly one financed and controlled by the Inter-American Development Bank (IDB) to develop the lowlands in the east, are running into trouble. Although three-quarters of the IDB money has been spent, only a third of the projected eight thousand families have been settled. The move from the silence and clarity of the Altiplano to the damp and brooding tropics is admittedly a hard one. Harder still is adjustment to a new form of community life, with its sophisticated co-operative machinery and technical directives, often issued by foreigners. Some of the colonists drift back home; others revert to subsistence farming rather than attempt to work with newfangled machinery and bureaucratic restrictions.

The most successful colonizers are sizable groups of Japanese and Okinawans, the former aided by their government, the latter by the U.S. Army to provide a home for people displaced by the American base on their island. Thanks to them, Bolivia has doubled its rice production and is now self-sufficient. Bolivian enterprise in this same area has greatly increased sugar production: there is now a small surplus for export. However, this is industrial agriculture rather than Indian homesteading.

IF PLANNED colonization, where things are made easy but regulations abound, has proved difficult, individual pioneering in a variety of forms is doing better. Often all that is needed is a road of sorts. In

the old days, landowners often held several haciendas, both on the Altiplano and on the steep valley slopes leading to the tropics. During the dry season on the plateau, they would send their people down to cultivate these damper, warmer fields, bringing them back when the rains started on the heights. Some Indians are now following this pattern on their own. After a few years they no longer come back; sometimes they push on further down, hacking out new fields, leaving the old for less adventurous newcomers.

Another example of spontaneous colonization can be found in the remote Chapare area of Cochabamba. There employees of an oil company that ceased operations after unsuccessful exploration stayed on to farm. In this area, officially a "colonization zone," there are now some five thousand families, less than a third of whom have received aid. This spark of enterprise among a people cowed for centuries and supposedly hidebound by tradition is one of the unexpected results of agrarian reform.

Another is their entrance into the market economy. They have been quick to discover crops that pay. One of the most amazing sights in Bolivia is plots of larkspur and carnations brightly blooming beside adobe hovels in the Cochabamba Valley. They are also learning to rent a truck and carry their produce directly to market, avoiding the middlemen who had been reaping most of the profit. Some have moved into town and become merchants themselves. La Paz has doubled in population and most of the newcomers are Indians who send their sons to high school and even to the university. In the villages they left behind they build fine new houses and return to them for fiestas. In one remote village on Lake Titicaca there is a big new ceremonial square surrounded by such houses two stories high, bright with paint and flaunting curtains in the windows, an unusual example of city ways invading the countryside and proof, too, that successful Indians are not ashamed of their background. In Peru, which has had no revolution, the rare Indian who has made the leap into city life looks down on the old ways. Here, with the new sense of opportunity, there is no conflict; even western and Indian clothes mingle happily with no particular status attached to either.

Outside Help

In spite of this progress, admittedly spotty and haphazard, many experts complain that what has happened in Bolivia is not agrarian reform at all. Government credit and technical help have been concentrated where they would have most effect—among the Spanish-speaking literate minority with economically viable holdings. Several projects to show the Indian how to farm, sponsored by the United Nations

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and the United States, have been too ambitious technically and too limited socially. It is all very fine to raise bumper crops on experimental fields that have had the best of care, but how will this affect a farmer several hundred miles away who saves the smallest potatoes for seed because the bigger ones make better eating?

Since 1965, however, there has been a new approach to the problem. In a co-ordinated effort of the Bolivian government, USAID, and the Peace Corps, which has a strong contingent here, a full-fledged community-development program has been launched. The heart of this program, which distinguishes it from other self-help schemes, is the "village-level worker" (VLW), chosen by his own community, trained for six months at government expense in community development techniques, then sent back home—with a salary—to help organize do-it-yourself projects in his own and neighboring villages, with a Peace Corps volunteer to back him up. He is on the lowest rung in a complex ladder of command and supervision leading up to ministerial levels. During its brief existence the program has produced impressive results: some 260 projects, including schools, access roads, domestic water systems, irrigation, village libraries, and so forth, have been built or are under way, with the villagers contributing more than seventy-five per cent of both the money and labor. Even at its present early stage, it has reached an estimated thirty per cent of the rural population. The principle is that the people themselves decide what they want most; government-initiated projects have sometimes bogged down for lack of local interest and also cost considerably more.

The program has aroused criticism, however, on the part of some Bolivians. Although the great majority of the personnel involved is Bolivian, the program is felt to be a "foreign" one. Futhermore, the policy is to choose the village-level workers from outside the established village hierarchy. In most cases, this means the "syndicate," a sort of peasant union formed prior to the revolution to force agrarian reform by invading the haciendas. It has now become, in effect, the municipal government. The theory is that in bypassing the syndicate, the VLW projects will be more "democratic," a word beloved of community developers. It may, however, be simply disruptive. In one village, when the headman heard of a project to build a school, he simply got his family together and did it himself.

More serious criticism stems from the training course of the VLWs. This has five stages: Program Planning, Program Building, Program Execution, Program Administration, Program Evaluation. "What you're doing is turning our campesinos into bureaucrats. We have enough already," I was told. One graduate VLW said that his greatest problem was filling out all the forms he had to turn in at the end of the month. He wished he had been taught instead what seeds to plant, what fertilizer to use, how to raise chickens—the knowledge his village wanted most. In theory, the VLW is the channel to the village for technical help from the appropriate agency. In fact, agricultural extension services are sadly insufficient; their personnel tend to stay close to home.

The Peace Corps volunteers are dedicated and enthusiastic. They have three months of "in-country" training and learn to speak one of the Indian tongues. But they are rarely technicians, and mostly bring their good will, native ingenuity, and the leaven of another point of view. (This last can sometimes be startling: one village wanted no Peace Corpsmen, convinced that all foreigners are Communist agitators.) Several Bolivians pointed by way of contrast to the German Peace Corps volunteers. They are somewhat older and are already full-fledged technicians—engineers, architects, and agronomists; their services are highly prized.

Criticism is easy, of course, and the problem is colossal. A Belgian expert in rural development with experience on three continents investigated the community development program privately, and he concurred in the criticisms but felt nevertheless that results had been positive and hoped that the Bolivian government would see fit to continue it.

Another U.S.-sponsored program—to increase wool production—is not so controversial. Although there are six million sheep in Bolivia, only about fifty thousand are shorn commercially. The Indians shear with a piece of glass or a sharp bit of tin; they have little idea how to grade their wool, and their animals are poor specimens. But gifts of pure-bred rams to improve the flocks, shearing demonstrations in the villages, and the efforts of COMBOFLA, an autonomous Bolivian agency for buying and processing wool, have turned Bolivia into a wool-exporting country. The price of wool paid to the herdsman has doubled in two years, and a nonprofit handicraft organization, Artesanías Bolivianas, has just arranged the sale of a million dollars' worth of textiles and carpets to the United States, with a projected sale of four to five times this amount annually within the next few years—vast sums of money to spread about this impecunious countryside.

The Emerging Indian

The Bolivian revolution has received little attention in the world press. The country is poor, remote, and small in population if not in size. For years it was newsworthy mostly as a source of trouble in the mines and as the recipient of a vast injection of American aid, which at times financed thirty per cent of the budget. Yet, Cuba and Mexico apart, Bolivia's is the only real revolution in Latin America. It is also the only one the United States has actively supported. That Castro has not been able to turn the Andes into a Sierra Maestra is certainly due in part to the fact that this support has given the Bolivians time to deal with their problems. But it is also due to the quiet emergence of the Indian. An American labor organizer and educator who has worked among field hands in every country in Latin America said to me, "Never before have I seen such a hunger for knowledge, such a yearning for progress." In many cases the Indian is still, of course, a pawn in the hands of politicians; but in the last elections there were villages where the Indians asked for and got secret balloting, although they may have gotten tin roofs too.

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The House Loses Patience with HUAC

DANIEL RAPOPORT

Lost sight of in the closing days of Congress was a frontal assault on the House Un-American Activities Committee that could lead to a restraining hand being placed on that freewheeling group in the next session. The attack came not from the Congressmen who have been trying for years—and failing dismally—to abolish the committee, but from Representative Wayne Hays (D., Ohio), a generally conservative member noted for his temper and sharp tongue, and the long list of enemies he has picked up on both sides of the aisle.

Hays turned on HUAC during a debate four days before Congress adjourned. The House was deciding whether it should cite for contempt of Congress three witnesses at a 1965 hearing in Chicago who had refused to testify. (They were eventually cited.) Hays lost his temper and blurted out the well-kept secret that the committee staff had been putting some friendly witnesses on its payroll as "consultants" after they had testified. The latest was Phillip Abbott Luce, a former leader of the Progressive Labor Party who appeared before HUAC last August when it investigated some anti-war groups. Luce, it was revealed, was being paid $1,000 to do a study of extreme leftist organizations.

The practice of paying witnesses had been going on at least since 1948, when Hays, then a freshman in Congress, discovered with astonishment that Elizabeth Bentley, the former Soviet courier, was getting $100 a day in expenses while narrating the story of her life to the committee. Hays now derives special knowledge of such payments as a senior member of the House Administration Committee, a housekeeping organ that passes on the spending of other committees and is a repository of buried bodies. Aside from Hays and a handful of other members on the Administration Committee, no one—including almost all of the Un-American Activities Committee—knew what had been going on. The HUAC members were particularly embarrassed and angry, especially after having at first indignantly denied Hays's charge and then listened in amazement to Chairman Edwin Willis (D., Louisiana) admit that it was true (though Willis stoutly insisted that no witness had ever been paid to testify or not to testify).

The indignant HUAC members served notice that come the Ninetieth Congress, they would pay attention to the affairs of their committee, something that had not been done in years, mainly because each HUAC member enjoys another and more important assignment on a major committee. As it is, HUAC is now pretty much run by its staff, particularly its director, Francis McNamara, who has had to take on more authority since Willis suffered a series of strokes last spring.

Representative Richard Ichord (D., Missouri), an ambitious young man who is turning into the strong man of the committee, is determined to keep an eye on things and alter the committee's reputation—and even its name. He thinks the term "Un-American" carries onerous connotations, and he stresses that the committee is not interested in "punishing people" but only in gathering information. It became evident during the end-of-the session HUAC debates that many members were losing patience with the committee.

Hays is the man who sparked the activity, but it was Joe Pool (D., Texas) who got Hays riled in the first place. It was a debate over Pool's bill to prohibit Americans from sending tangible aid, such as blood or money, to the Vietcong, the North Vietnamese, and any other group engaged in armed conflict with the United States that irritated Hays. The bill would also have provided criminal penalties for Americans who attempted to interfere with military traffic within the United States. Pool, a rotund man of fifty-

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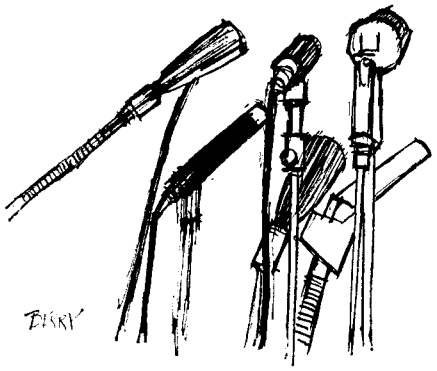
five who reflects the conservative character of his Dallas constituency, was opposed this year by a Republican who was trying to outflank him on the Right, and Pool's principal weapon was his bill. Debate on the measure on October 12 marked the first time in three years that the House had considered a piece of legislation sent to it by the Un-American Activities Committee. It was quite an experience.

The Right Is Wrong

Pool was on solid ground when he predicted that the House would cast a lopsided vote in support of his bill, but he did not count on the rough road he would have to travel to get it through a debate. Curiously, it was Representative L. Mendel Rivers (D., South Carolina), who did not think the bill went far enough, who led Pool and his colleagues into their first trap. Rivers wanted to know, "If Stokely Carmichael should appear in front of the Capitol, address one hundred thousand people, and tell them to lie down in front of trucks, and so forth, he would not be included in the provisions of the proposed legislation?" The committee's ranking Republican, Representative John Ashbrook of Ohio, was inclined to think he would. Pool was certain he would. Representative Chet Holifield (D., California) then rose to say he was confused: hadn't the committee, before it brought the bill to the floor, struck out language that would have made it a crime merely to *urge* or *advise* others to commit the acts prohibited by the bill? HUAC member Ichord confirmed Holifield's recollection, whereupon Rivers wanted to know who was right.

"I think I was wrong," said author Pool; " . . . the gentleman from Missouri is right."

Holifield and Representative Sidney Yates (D., Illinois) then managed to extract from Pool the statement that interference with a Federalized National Guard unit would be subject to criminal penalties under the provisions of the bill. Listening to this colloquy, Representative William Fitts Ryan (D., New York) observed that Pool was supporting a bill "which would make it illegal for anyone to interfere with, or attempt to interfere with, the National Guard or any part of the Armed Forces that is called out to enforce the desegregation of schools." Reporters filing stories based on just this much of the debate promptly wrote that the author of the Pool bill had said it would not prohibit a civil-rights orator from urging



thousands of people to block military convoys, but that it would subject to a five-year prison sentence and a $10,000 fine an excitable Southerner who throws a pop bottle at a National Guardsman. None of this could have done Pool much good at home.

THE President of the United States was the next person Pool was asked about. Representative Charles Joelson (D., New Jersey) wanted to know whether the bill's other section—making it a criminal offense punishable by up to twenty years in prison for anyone to send tangible assistance to groups engaged in armed conflict with the United States—would apply to the President. Joelson offered an amendment to specifically exempt him. He argued that an opportunity might arise for the Chief Executive to exchange medical aid for American prisoners in North Vietnam. Even though the bill directed its prohibitions against "whoever owes allegiance to the United States" and excluded no one, Pool said that as far as he was concerned it did not apply to the President and that he would oppose the amendment because it was "needless."

Pool's offhanded dismissal of Joelson's amendment (which eventually was approved) infuriated Hays, who spends a considerable amount of time infuriated in any case. "I intended to support his bill and I may yet," he said, "but I think probably the—I hardly know what adjective to use, I will say the most insufficient answer I have ever heard in the eighteen years I have been here to a perfectly legal and logical question was the answer the chairman [Pool] gave when he opposed Mr. Joelson's amendment. When the gentleman asked him why, he said. 'Well, I am just against it.' . . . Now everybody knows that this bill is not going to be taken up in the Senate. And I will go as far as any man to elect the gentleman from Texas. But this is fantasy and a futility. . . . The last roll call showed that there were 207 members present. The next one is going to show that there are 206 present, because I am going home." With that Hays, to the biggest hand of the evening, turned on his heel and stalked out of the chamber.

If Joelson got an "insufficient answer" from Pool, it was still a good deal more than Representative Lucien Nedzi (D., Michigan) was able to pry out of the floor manager. Try as he did, Nedzi never did find out whom Pool had in mind when he wrote in the bill's preamble (which was pure early Un-American Activities Committee) that in addition to Communist powers, there were "other powers" who have committed or threatened aggressions affecting the United States. Pool searched through the papers in front of him. Ichord took a stab at it but eventually had to admit to Nedzi that he didn't know what particular powers the author had in mind. Pool was saved when Nedzi's time ran out.

CALIFORNIA Representative Don Edwards (D.) seemed to sum up the view of many when he said: "I am not going to make a long speech enunciating why this bill is deplorable. Indeed, I presume that this body has in mind a quick passage while holding its nose, secure in the knowledge that our indiscretion will be cured by quiet death in the other body [as indeed it was]; thus again re-emphasizing the wisdom of our founders in providing a bicameral Congress."

The next morning the House began its day by approving the Pool bill 275-64.

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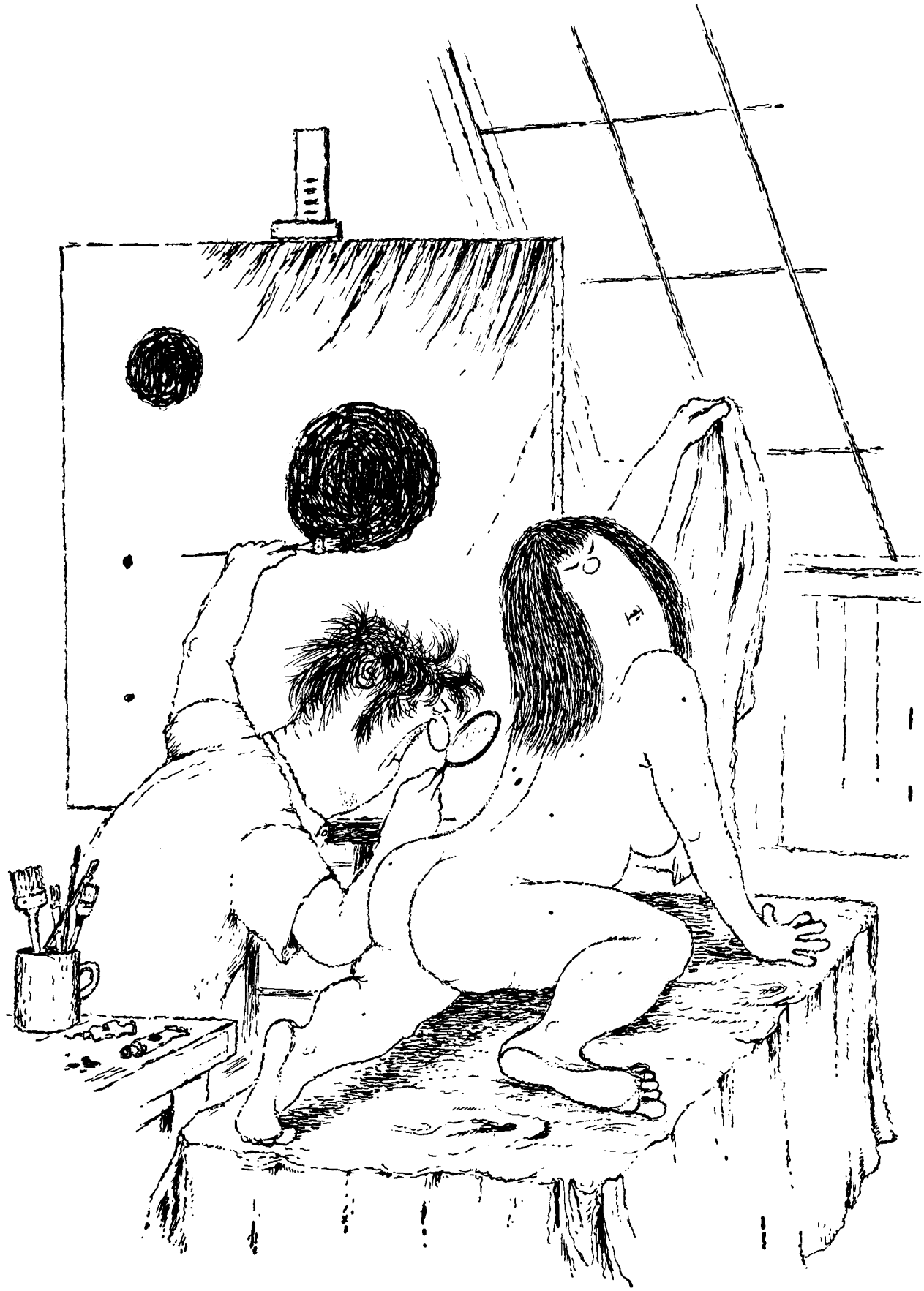

By Fernando Krahn

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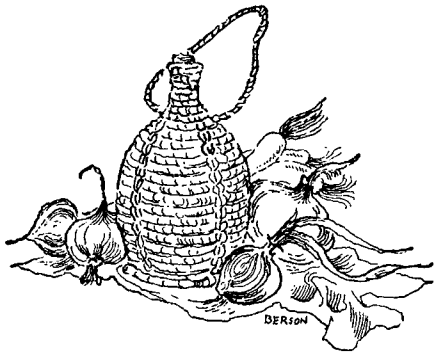

The Evangelist

MILDRED BARKER

When I was a child, there were a lot of sinners in Southern California. Fortunately, my family belonged to the Loquat Avenue Church, a rock beacon tower of a building, where the way of salvation was known. I knew I was lucky, but my good luck was accompanied by certain heavy responsibilities.

One afternoon, when I was about ten years old, my mother took me to the church. Our minister, Reverend Endicott, stood in front of the oak doors waiting. A gusty wind slapped my unfashionably long dress against my legs and flicked strings of hair into my eyes, stinging them, but Reverend Endicott's heavy black vestment did not ruffle, and his hair remained cemented down.

Looking up at Reverend Endicott, my mother laid a hand on my head and asked, "Is she old enough for the Children's Crusade?" The hand pressed lightly, but I knew it would come down more firmly if I tried to squirm out from under.

Reverend Endicott drew in a breath. "Did Abraham ask if Isaac was old enough?" The minister's chin was heavy and dragged the rest of his face down. His powerful hands were out in front of him, palms up to support the body of a child. "The sacrifice of a son was not too much for Abraham," he said, raising his hands as if they carried a burden slowly heavenward.

I stepped back, but my mother seized me by the elbow and shoved me forward. "She wants to be an evangelist." Her pale cheeks glowed.

Reverend Endicott's hands dropped to his sides. His hard dark eyes focused on me for the first time. "Do you want to be an evangelist?" he demanded, his voice closing around me like a net.

"Speak up," my mother whispered, "and straighten your feet. They're pigeon-toed again."

I looked down at the high-topped shoes—sensible, my mother called them. A wrinkled dull black, they laced above my ankles. The toes were indeed pointing in. I straightened them. "Yes," I muttered.

My mother went home then. I entered the church alone, walking between heavy oak doors into a dank container of holiness where mildew rose like incense from the carpeting. Dusty orange light from a high round window left unpenetrated pockets of darkness under rows and rows of empty pews. At first the church looked deserted. Then I noticed dark blobs, scattered heads above the front pews, and walked toward them, passing the pews slowly, looking into the young faces, but none smiled a welcome and all were older than I; and so I sat by myself behind the others.

Reverend Endicott strode to the front of the church and stood for a moment counting heads—there were about twenty. Then he began to pray. When I leaned my back against the hard back of the pew, my feet stuck straight out in front of me. When I wiggled forward and bent my knees over the sharp wooden edge of the bench, my feet dangled. I shifted and shuffled.

Reverend Endicott's voice grew heavier. "Souls falling into hell," he intoned forcefully. I could feel his voice hit the air, then fall; each word was a soul plunging headlong, sinking endlessly into the bottomless floor of the church. Darkness crouched in all the corners, watching me, waiting. If I thought a truly wicked thought, I might be struck dead. I tried not to think of any.

Reverend Endicott finished his prayer and opened the big church Bible. "Once Jesus went down to the Sea of Galilee and met three fishermen," he began in the special voice he reserved for children's sermons.

I knew the story well. I had even tried in a small way to be a Fisher of Men among my classmates. "The only church in town that's any good is the Loquat Avenue Church," I told them. For a moment I thought I would be martyred. I came home with my face scratched and my books smeared in mud.

"They just aren't ready yet for the gospel," my mother said. I wondered if the people I was to seek out today would be any readier.

Carefully, as though he were trying to catch and crush something between the pages, Reverend Endicott closed the big church Bible. It made a plopping sound as its gilt edges came to rest together. "We will all stand now and sing," he announced. I would soon be outside trying to save strangers. Something inside me wanted to run away. I stood but I did not sing. The others sang determinedly, "I will make you Fishers of Men, Fishers of Men, Fishers of Men." Like floats on a fishnet, their heads bobbed up and down with the beat.

"I will now distribute the bait," Reverend Endicott announced. He passed out piles of mimeographed invitations to a week of evangelistic meetings. He had divided the neigh-

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borhood into "ponds." Each child was to fish both sides of one of the ponds. My pond was Orange Grove Avenue.

I WALKED out of the church into bright sunlight clutching my stack of invitations against the wind. Hard red berries from the pepper trees had scattered over the sidewalk and there was a faint spicy fragrance as my shoes crushed their shells. I passed a church I had often seen but whose name I didn't know. It was bigger than the Loquat Avenue Church and fancier. I looked up at its many spires reaching almost to heaven, and thought what a shame it was that people had gone to so much trouble building the wrong church.

I came to Orange Grove Avenue, which was now an orchard of bungalows. Square bungalows on square lots. Rows of brown bungalows with blue doors, each with wooden steps leading up to a tiny porch.

I climbed to the first porch and pressed the doorbell. The yard was overgrown. In the high tangle of Bermuda grass, a cat stalked a butterfly. I held the doorbell down until my finger hurt, but no one answered. I thought about Reverend Endicott and what he said: each soul saved would be a star in my crown when I got to heaven. So far I had no stars. I was the only girl in school with high-topped shoes. I didn't want to be the only one in heaven with a plain crown.

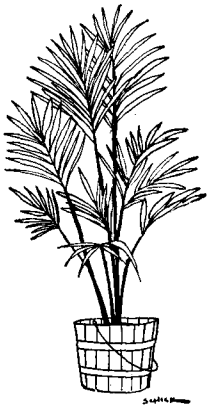
I walked to the next bungalow. Its square of mowed grass was boxed in by a precisely trimmed hedge. I rang the doorbell. This time the door sprang open almost immediately. A woman stood framed in the doorway, a bathrobe pulled tightly about her long bony frame. Her hands were tightly clasped in front of her, as though each restrained the other from some violence. Her arms and elbows formed a tight little box, a protective bumper.

"Well, what do you want?" she demanded.

I held an invitation out to her. Unclasping her hands, she pinched a corner of the paper. Gingerly, using just the tips of her thumb and finger, she held it away from her and began reading. Suddenly she let go of the invitation as though it were something dirty. "We are Mormons," she said angrily and slammed the door shut. I wondered what it was about being a Mormon that made her so angry. I tried to retrieve the invitation, but it was caught in the closed door and would not come loose.

I felt like quitting, but I remembered the Bible story: when Peter, James, and John had been fishing all night, catching nothing, Jesus told them to let down their nets again. They did so, and caught so many fish their nets broke.

I walked to the third bungalow. There was no fence or hedge. On one side of the door was a clump of fig trees; on the other side, a young avocado tree. I rang the door-



bell. As soon as I had rung it, my courage left me. Dear God, make them not be at home. Please make them not be at home.

THEN I realized that the door was already open and a woman was standing inside. She held a tray full of food in one hand and a bowl of something in the other. I couldn't see how she had managed to open the door. "We're all around in the back," she said and closed the door with her foot. I wasn't sure, but I guessed this meant I was supposed to go around to the back too. Slowly I climbed down the steps of the porch and walked around to the back yard, clutching the stack of invitations.

There under a wide walnut tree was a long picnic table made of several small tables shoved together and covered with white cloth. Around the table was a noisy group of people, eating and drinking. I had heard about wild parties and decided this must be one of them. At home we did not talk much when we ate. Here everyone seemed to be talking at once. Besides, there was beer on the table. I knew it was beer because Reverend Endicott in his temperance talk had shown us the different forms of alcohol. At the end of his talk, he put a goldfish into alcohol, and we watched it flop around and die. I thought of that goldfish now. I thought of hell, too. I could see these people in hell, writhing, splashing, wriggling, leaping out and falling back in again like the goldfish in alcohol.

I decided that I had better go, but just as I turned to leave, a large dog bounded up, greeting me with enthusiastic barking, jumping and threatening to make me drop the invitations. The people stopped talking and looked. All eyes were on me. "Did you want something?" one of the men asked. I stood there. Then I remembered the invitations. I walked over and put the whole pile down on the table next to the man's elbow. His shirtsleeves were rolled above the elbow and his arms were hairy. He examined the invitations, one finger placed on his lower lip, his forehead wrinkling up into straight lines.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet and banged his fork on a beer bottle. All the people stopped eating. "This little girl here has just invited us all down to the Loquat Avenue Church for a whole week of evangelistic meetings. What do you think of that?"

Two or three people laughed. "Very nice, Jack," a woman said.

Jack turned to me. "You do want all of us, don't you?"

"Yes," I said.

HE READ the invitation aloud, including the words in red capitals at the end: "COME SAVE YOUR SOUL FROM HELL." Then he passed the sheets out merrily as if they were some new kind of party favor. "May you enjoy them in health," he told the guests, who seized them eagerly, like children reaching out to pop balloons. Some took several. Soon they were gone.

He turned to me. "Well, we got those off your hands," he said and sat down. "Hannah!" he called to

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the woman who had met me at the front door. "Bring our little guest something to eat!"

But Hannah had already gotten me to sit down and was heaping my plate with food. There were several kinds of salads and preserves I had never seen before.

"No, thank you," I said, but she didn't seem to hear me.

She passed me a plate of rolls in an astounding variety of shapes. "Here, take more," she said. "There's no need to count them."

"Do they make you go around ringing doorbells, handing out those save-your-soul things?" Jack asked.

I didn't know what to say. I swirled a mound of sour cream with my spoon.

"Do they force you to do it?" Hannah asked.

I broke open a crescent roll. Outside it was hard and golden, decorated with tiny seeds and toasted bits of onion. Inside, it was soft and delicate. "Yes," I answered, knowing it was a lie.

"A god-awful way to treat a kid," Jack said.

"Poor little thing!" Hannah said, gently patting my shoulder.

I looked at her. Her eyes were tender. They like me, I thought; they really like me. I stopped chewing.

"Eat! Eat!" Hannah said, heaping more salad onto my plate. No one told me to eat more slowly or to close my mouth when I chewed.

Finally when I could eat no more, I announced that I had to leave.

"WELL, see you in church," Jack said, and the others burst out laughing. It was like a cluster of skyrockets fired together. The table shook, and beer sloshed in the sparkling bottles. I was laughing too. It made me think of Peter, James, and John when they let down their nets for the last time and caught so many fish their nets broke. Fish glistened in the sun as they broke free. All the nets in the world were broken. All the locked doors were suddenly flung open. I ran down Orange Grove Avenue singing, "I will make you Fishers of Men," leaping and shouting until I set all the dogs barking and birds flew from the tops of the pepper trees.

Handel Makes the Scene

ROLAND GELATT

WITHOUT BENEFIT of anniversary or special occasion, George Frederick Handel is dominating the musical scene. His life and works have been chronicled in a copious, long-awaited volume by Paul Henry Lang (W. W. Norton, $12) that provides a seasoned survey of the composer's career and pulls together the fruits of much recent Handelian research. The high point of New York's opera season this fall has been the marvelously stylized production of Handel's *Julius Caesar* by the New York City Opera Company, a staging almost balletic in its controlled and stately execution, which made one revise all previous notions about Baroque opera in general and Handel as musical dramatist in particular. And record companies have been bringing out some extraordinary albums of *Messiah*, the *Water Music*, and the *Concerti Grossi*, Opus 6.

Lang has an illuminating chapter on *Messiah*—its origins and first performance, its musical content, and its relation to Baroque opera and oratorio—and he is at some pains to hammer home the theme that "Handelian oratorio is not church music, not even religious music." If we continue to view oratorio as if it were surrounded by a sacred halo, it is only because we are still seeing it through the eyes of the nineteenth century, which subverted the form into a massive and stuffy exercise in moral uplift. Handel and his contemporaries saw it quite differently. For them, oratorio was entertainment, a species of musical drama having to do with rousing biblical themes. *Messiah* is atypical in being without a cast of characters and in striking a more abstract and contemplative note than was Handel's usual way. Even so, the work has much more in common with the dramatic oratorios and with Baroque opera than is commonly thought.

A NEW APPROACH to *Messiah* has been under way for many years, a reappraisal initiated by Sir Thomas Beecham more than a quarter century ago. Beecham's instinctive appreciation of Handel's musical thought led him to celebrate *Messiah* as a secular and predominantly festive entertainment. But though he got the spirit right, he paid scant attention to the letter. Beecham's disdain for musicological research landed him in some bizarre stylistic incongruities, and in his third and last recording of *Messiah* he went so far as to present the work in a lavish reorchestration by Sir Eugene Goossens. On its own terms it is utterly captivating, a compendium of tripping delicacy and luscious swagger, but the sounds are not those which Handel intended. Other recordings, notably those of Hermann Scherchen and Sir Adrian Boult, drew considerably closer to the authentic sound, with small performing forces and orchestration true to Handel's own scoring. For a time they served us well.

Nothing in the past, however, compares in authenticity to the new recordings that have appeared this fall. One comes from London and is led by Colin Davis (Philips 3-592, mono; 3-992, stereo; three discs); the other comes from New York and is led by Robert Shaw (RCA Victor 6175, mono and stereo; three discs). The Davis version utilizes forty instrumentalists and forty choristers, with a solo quartet made up of soprano Heather Harper, contralto

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Helen Watts, tenor John Wakefield, and bass John Shirley-Quirk. Shaw uses thirty-five instrumentalists and choristers, and his soloists are Judith Raskin, Florence Kopleff, Richard Lewis, and Thomas Paul.

Both recordings break new ground in their bold adherence to the performance practices of Handel's day. To get this music into proper mid-eighteenth-century focus, it is not enough to pare down the size of chorus and orchestra, adhere to the original instrumentation, and approach the assignment with the requisite zip and zest. It is also necessary to read the notes as Handel and his musicians read them, not always literally but often as a framework for a much more ornamental and richer execution than meets the untutored eye.

If I say that these recordings employ double dotting, appoggiaturas, turns, trills, and embellishments to an extent never before attempted, the reader may think that only musicological minutiae are involved. Nothing could be further from the case. If you compare "I know that my redeemer liveth" sung by Heather Harper in the new Davis set with any previous interpretation, you will appreciate that the differences are basic and revelatory. What had seemed a chaste and rather tiresomely repetitious aria becomes here an entirely new experience—the previously barren vocal line now ornamented with trills, shakes, and (especially in the second half) all manner of inventive interpolations. Careful research has established beyond doubt that this is the authentic way of rendering the music, in essence if not in each detail; and once having heard it, you will not willingly settle for the flatly literal interpretations on which we have all been brought up. The eighteenth-century style—florid, unsentimental, improvisatory—is incredibly beautiful.

It is a shame that two such praiseworthy recordings have appeared in the same season, for each is a superb achievement, capable of providing much pleasure and edification. But their simultaneous publication forces comparisons, and there is no question that Colin Davis walks off with higher honors. In only one respect does the Robert Shaw set enjoy a clear superiority, and that is on the grounds of technical engineering. Its sound is more sharply contoured and transparent—a quality that may have more to do with the excellence of RCA Victor's Dynagroove pressings than with the characteristics of the original tape itself. Otherwise the palm goes to the competition. Davis's soloists are consistently better, the embellishments he permits are bolder and more imaginative, and the entire performance is freer and more creative. I could catalogue its felicities for pages, but the best thing is to hear them for yourself. This is a recording to go at the top of any Christmas list.

LIKE *Messiah,* Handel's *Water Music* has undergone some thorough interpretative updating in recent years. The first step was to discard the anachronistic arrangement of the music by Sir Hamilton Harty in favor of the uncut score in Handel's orchestration. When Deutsche Grammophon brought out the complete *Water Music* in its scholarly Archive series fifteen years ago, we thought the millennium had arrived. Certainly, the recording by Fritz Lehmann and the Berlin Philharmonic brought us closer to Handel's intentions than any of the extant versions of Harty's modernized suite. But time flies, and there is now a new Archive recording of the *Water Music,* this one performed by August Wenzinger and the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis (3265, mono; 73265, stereo).

Lehmann was content to rely on the now discredited Händelgesellschaft score edited by Friedrich Chrysander; Wenzinger has gone direct to the manuscript source material in England. Lehmann used a normal symphony orchestra attuned to the romantic Beethoven-to-Bruckner repertory; Wenzinger works with a small group of Baroque specialists, all playing period instruments (either eighteenth-century originals or authentic reconstructions). The differences are amazing. The once prized Lehmann recording now seems heavy-handed and out of key compared to the sprightly and flavorsome Wenzinger. This has partly to do with the instruments (those Baroque oboes, trumpets, and clarini make a distinctive, fragrant sound), partly with the balance of forces (Wenzinger's continuo section is much more prominent), and partly with the over-all approach (clipped and dry instead of sonorous and succulent). I wouldn't venture to predict what the Archive producers will make of the *Water Music* fifteen years from now, but for the moment the Wenzinger recording sets the standard. A warning: steer clear of another complete *Water Music,* just released on the Nonesuch label, performed by Pierre Boulez and the Hague Philharmonic; it's a curiously dreary reading for a musician celebrated for originality and vitality.

Lang places the *Twelve Grand Concertos,* Opus 6, alongside Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos* as representing the highest achievements of Baroque orchestral music, and he speaks appreciatively of "the immense gusto, élan, creative energy, and surging excitement" that went into their making. The same phrases could be applied with equal accuracy to the musicianship of Alexander Schneider, who is the very incarnation of interpretative gusto and energy, and it is altogether appropriate that he should be in charge of the newest complete recording of these wonderfully varied *Concerti Grossi* (RCA Victor 6172, mono and stereo; three discs). Schneider plays one of the solo violin parts (the other soloist is Felix Galimir) as well as leading a chamber orchestra composed of some of New York's most accomplished free-lance instrumentalists. Never has the music sounded more robust or rich, and never has it been recorded with such clarity and presence. There are other fine versions of Opus 6 but Schneider's goes to the head of the list.

MORE Handelian riches are on the way. In the next few months we shall be offered yet another authentic *Messiah* (this one on the Angel label, conducted by Charles Mackerras), the complete organ concertos performed on period instruments by the organist Eduard Müller and Wenzinger's Basel group, and the first recording ever made of *Hercules,* described by Lang as "the greatest of Baroque music dramas." Can it be that we are finally beginning to take the measure of the most neglected and misunderstood genius in the history of music?

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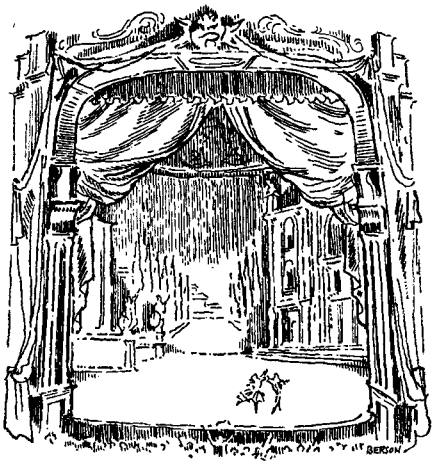
The Joffrey Ballet: Small Size, Large Vision

ALAN M. KRIEGSMAN

"WE TRY HARDER" might well be the motto for the high-spirited Robert Joffrey Ballet company, whose resoundingly awkward official name is now City Center Joffrey Ballet. After a triumphant first season in its new home, this handsome, ambitious troupe of some thirty dancers is keenly conscious that it is an upstart in the tight little world of ballet, and, having come this far, it is clearly determined not to give ground. Lacking the choreographic genius with which George Balanchine has built the New York City Ballet or the traditions of the American Ballet Theatre, the Joffrey troupe does have some crucial attributes that its older, larger competitors appear to have lost—audacity and joy.

It isn't just a question of age. Both artistic director Robert Joffrey and his chief choreographer, Gerald Arpino, are in their thirties, indeed young compared with their peers in the profession. The company's dancers are young, but the New York City Ballet also abounds in striplings and nymphets, even among the soloists. (Suzanne Farrell, Balanchine's current protégée, began dancing lead roles as a teen-ager.) If the Joffrey company has an edge, it derives not from the flesh but the spirit. Balanchine went through his own years of struggle and uncertainty, and the Ballet Theatre's situation has never been better than precarious. But aspiration seems to have deserted both of them. Balanchine is now enjoying a richly merited security in the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center. But a creeping complacency is painfully visible in dispirited, obviously underrehearsed performances of such older repertory staples as *Symphony in C* and *Serenade*. The Ballet Theatre, which fostered such masters as Antony Tudor, Eugene Loring, Agnes de Mille, and Jerome Robbins, as well as most of America's finest dancers, has never been accorded the secure and honored place it deserves. Occasionally it gives signs of recapturing past glories, as it did in 1965 with the stunning production of Robbins's inspired *Les Noces*, but mostly it falters on the brink of economic disaster and artistic decline. By contrast, everything about the Joffrey company faces forward and up. The dancers exude the unremitting zeal of political candidates every moment



they are on stage and a willingness to dare in every pose and movement. Audiences respond in kind. Each debut, each premiere generates the excitement of a new space mission.

ZEST, of course, is not enough. To survive artistically, a major ballet company must be strong in three fundamental respects—dances, dancers, and theatrical know-how. Joffrey's dancers can be matched against any, and in the main the company's productions have been splendidly designed and executed. But no company can subsist entirely on borrowings, and the repertory, though appealing, has not yet attained a comparable level. The programs offered during the September season at City Center had diversity, a healthy amount of novelty, and some outstanding highlights. What was missing was depth. The nearest approach to a major choreographer within company ranks is the abundantly talented Gerald Arpino (though Joffrey himself is not to be discounted). His first efforts were mounted as recently as 1962, and in four years he has produced eight works, most of which bear the stamp of genuine authority and imagination. It is entirely possible that Arpino is a Balanchine in the rough, but at this stage it is easy to see that he is still trying to define himself, to fix his own stylistic center. Fortunately, the Joffrey company, of which he is also assistant director, should allow him the latitude, time, and means to make these discoveries.

Five Arpino ballets were presented in the course of the season. My own choice of the best would be *Sea Shadow*, superbly danced by Lisa Bradley and Richard Gain against a simple, haunting set designed by Ming Cho Lee, with a splendid neo-impressionist score that was composed by Michael Colgrass literally overnight. (The Ravel estate raised legal barriers to further use of the music originally chosen by Arpino.) In *Sea Shadow*, a young man wakens from his reverie on the shore, stretches, romps, swims, and listens to the murmuring of a conch. A mermaid, a long-haired siren of the sea, appears, and the two are drawn together in a deliciously sensual encounter in which all movement seems languid and weightless, like the wafting of fins in the cool wash of the deep. The climax of the piece comes in a sequence of long, suspenseful lifts, each more sustained than the one before. Then the motion subsides with the slowness of the tides; the two enfold in close embrace, then part in separate exultation, and finally swim off together to a timeless destiny. It all seems a dream of pure, nostalgic ecstasy, absolutely perfect in every detail and quite unlike any other ballet I know.

Incubus, another of Arpino's pieces, has considerable power, though I would ascribe its impact more to iconic suggestiveness than to emotional pull. The nightmarish scenes tracing the psychic disintegration of a young girl assault the eye with unnerving incandescence, each vision emerging from and encircled by impenetrable blackness. Thomas Skelton's stark yet subtle lighting, the thin rasps and whis-

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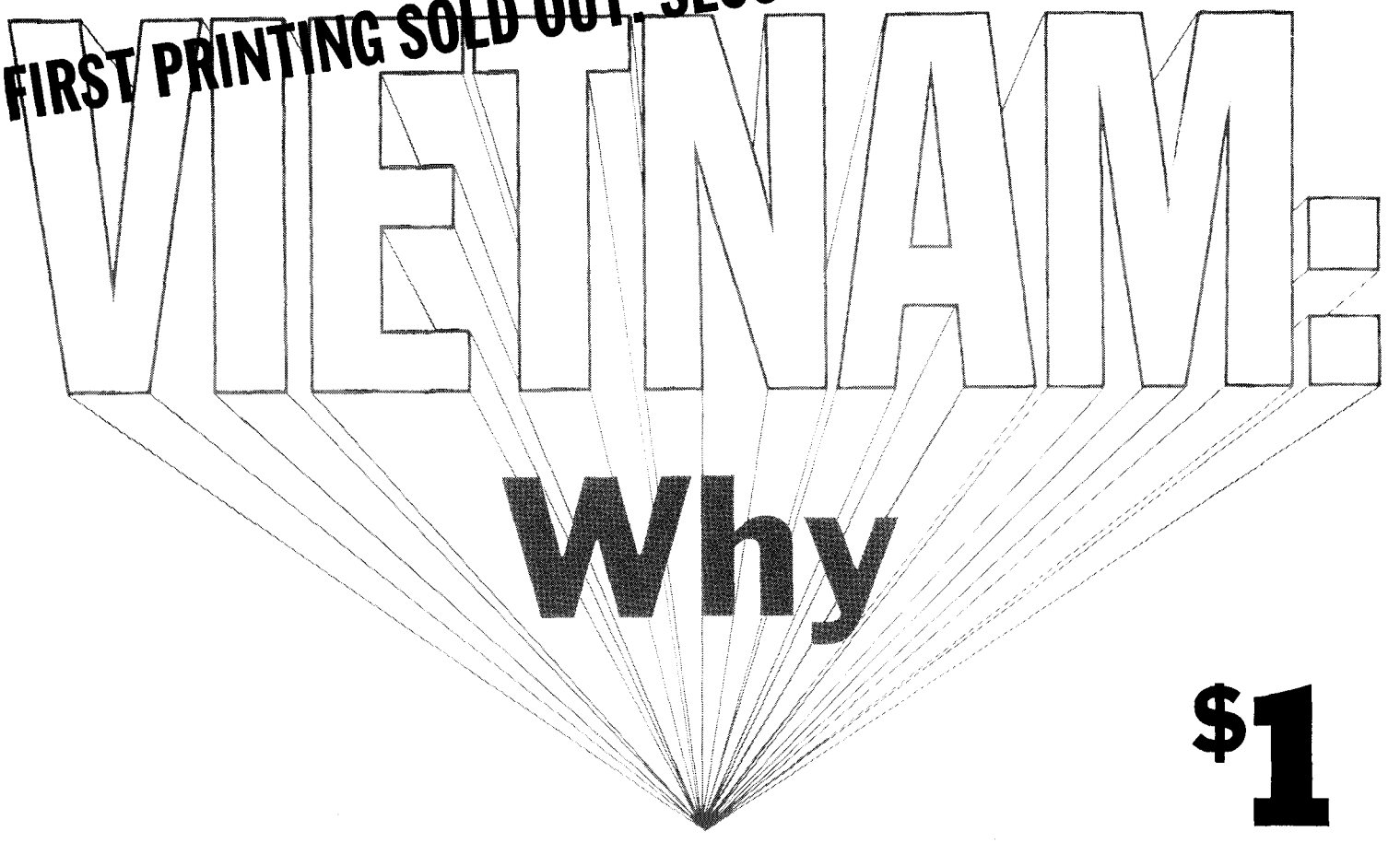

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pers of Webern's *Six Pieces for Orchestra,* and the gelid intervening silences all fuse with the gesture. Yet no real identification with the sufferer takes place, except perhaps when the girl dreams that she is being hauled to the stake by a crazed congregation of penitents. As the dancers swirl about her in concentric rings with increasing fury, like flames climbing and licking at her flesh, you feel with her the scorching agony. One piercing scream, and again blackness. The style of dance movement in *Incubus,* together with the Freudian motifs, owes much to Tudor and something also perhaps to the Anna Sokolow of *Rooms.* Just the same, *Incubus* has an eerie aura all its own. The role of the girl is again Lisa Bradley's and she makes it a memorable portrayal.

STILL another Bradley vehicle is *Nightwings,* Arpino's latest, which belongs to a strange flock of bird-moth-insect ballets (like *Firebird* and *The Cage*), the product, I suppose, of the dancers' innate envy of flying creatures and a choreographic obsession with predatory females. The whole genre disturbs me with its effete, artificial exoticism. In any case, despite a very artful duet for Miss Bradley and her prey, *Nightwings* has neither the dramatic thrust of *Incubus* nor the freshness of *Sea Shadow.*

Of the two remaining Arpino ballets shown, *Olympics,* Arpino's paean to gymnastics, is a dazzling showcase for the pyrotechnics of Joffrey's male contingent, but after two hard looks, the choreography appears commonplace and the score by Toshiro Mayazumi pretty cheap stuff even for ballet. In *Viva Vivaldi!,* Arpino emulates the abstract Balanchine style, with some Hispanic seasoning thrown in for no good reason. It has attractive moments—audiences adore it—but how far it misses the virility and logic of its model can be seen in the company's own breathtaking performance of *Donizetti Variations,* a minor yet winning Balanchine work first put on in 1960.

The lion's share of the seasonal repertory has been given to Arpino. Joffrey, although a formidable choreographer, has wisely refused to mold the company in his own or anyone else's artistic image. Those two of his pieces that were staged, *Gamelan* and *Pas des Déeses,* are more conservative in taste than any of Arpino's work. They stress tender, decorative lyricism, and exhibit considerable gestural inventiveness, particularly in the turns and lifts. Both somehow call to mind Emerson's couplet "If eyes were made for seeing,/Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

From an entirely different world comes Eugene Loring's newly commissioned *These Three,* honoring "Three lives sacrificed in the cause of fraternity," and inspired by the murder of civil-rights workers in Philadelphia, Mississippi. The theme is intrinsically compelling, and the ballet, in Loring's broadly eclectic "free style," has some gripping scenes, notably those conveying the comradeship of the three young men. Yet in its entirety it seems more of a diagram than a drama—it is too schematic, and all of the dozen scenes are evenly weighted. Ironically, the vivid score by David Ward-Steinman was criticized for being *too* dramatic. The fact is that the music and the imaginative decor by William Pitkin succeed where the choreography fails. Loring, a thoroughly dedicated and individual artist, has much to say, despite the shortcomings of *These Three.* But the force he aims for there he achieved in far greater degree in *The Sisters* (with music by Carl Ruggles), first performed at Jacob's Pillow last summer. It would be interesting to see how the Joffrey company would fare with this work.

Anna Sokolow, Ruthanna Boris, and Gloria Contreras were the other choreographers on display. *Opus 65* is one of Miss Sokolow's droll and cutting examinations of the beat generation. Its performance showed that the Joffrey dancers are as at home in jazz and modern idiom as in the classical domain. Ruthanna Boris's effervescent and highly entertaining spoof, *Cakewalk,* vindicated its Joffrey revival. But the Contreras pieces struck me as second-rate. *Moncayo I,* lightweight Mexicana, serves nicely as a curtain raiser, but the dated surrealism of *Vitalitas* is merely dreary.

ONE OF the undoubted majesties of the Joffrey company is the level of its dancing. Each member of the company is a soloist in capability as well as title, and each commands an extraordinary versatility. Lisa Bradley, already mentioned, is surely one of the most eloquent, enthralling ballerinas performing anywhere today. Her face and body have a sharply etched, unforgettable beauty. Her movements, fluid and precise, have the rare quality of seeming free of all inner constraint: when her leg rises it appears drawn from above by invisible magnets and, once up, looks as if it could stay there forever. Other women of the company—the vivacious Ivy Clear, for example, and the exquisite Noel Mason—are swiftly emerging as identifiable personalities as well as expert technicians.

Joffrey's complement of fifteen men is the envy of the profession. They look magnificent, to begin with, and they dance with remarkable elegance and élan. Richard Gain, who came to Joffrey from the Martha Graham Company, is in a

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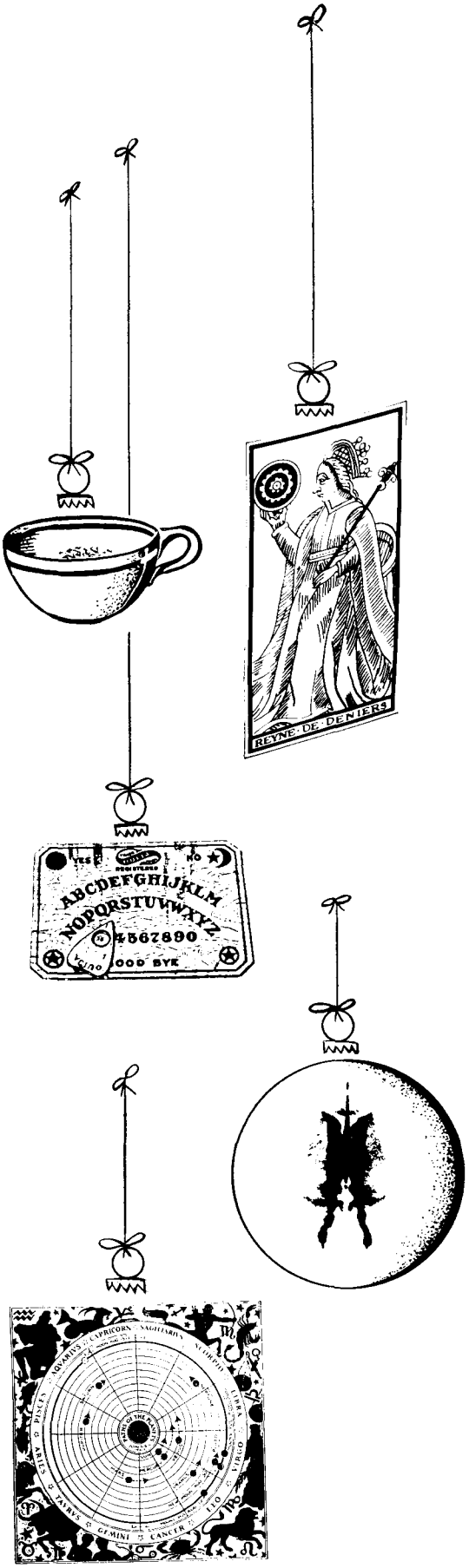

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class by himself, superlative in every aspect. Robert Blankshine has electrifying beats and elevation. Not far behind these two in ways of their own are Nels Jorgensen, John Jones, and Luis Fuente. But best of all is to see the exactitude and rapport of the Joffrey company as an ensemble.

In June, 1962, after six years of transcontinental tours on the slimmest of budgets, the company had suddenly found a benefactress in Mrs. Rebekah Harkness and was able to undertake new workshop projects, some new productions, a command performance at the White House, and a brilliantly successful tour of the Soviet Union. Then, just as suddenly, a dispute with Joffrey over artistic sovereignty provoked Mrs. Harkness to withdraw completely, taking with her many of the company's sets, costumes, and dancers. It took nearly a year's work and an emergency transfusion from the Ford Foundation to prevent total eclipse. By August, 1965, the company was revivified and ready to dance. To survive the Harkness episode was a feat; the swiftly ensuing progress, culminating in the invitation in the late spring of 1966 to become the resident company at City Center, was more like a miracle. And in summer of this year, the Ford Foundation expressed its renewed confidence in the company's future to the extent of $500,000 (to be matched privately).

What lies ahead? Seasons at City Center next spring and in the Pacific Northwest next summer. But the next phase might be straight down the Establishment path to a bigger, flashier, costlier theatre and ticket prices, subscription series, colossal productions, more dancers, more swank. All this would incur correlative dangers—loss of an informed, partisan audience, supermarket repertory, and artistic stagnation.

There is another, harder alternative. The Joffrey Ballet could choose to stay small in size, and at the same time large in vision. At the sacrifice of some glamour and *réclame*, it would preserve its distinctive character as a company, and could continue to pursue its natural mission as a champion of young performing and creative talent. In any event, the choice must be made soon.

BOOKS

The Junior Senator From Massachusetts

MARTIN F. NOLAN

THE CHALLENGE OF CHANGE, by Edward W. Brooke. *Little, Brown. $5.95.*

On February 9, 1963, Edward Brooke asked seven hundred of his fellow Republicans at a Lincoln Day dinner at Boston College, "Where does the Republican Party stand on old age assistance, on taxes, on aid to education, on transportation, on urban redevelopment? Has the Republican Party answered these questions? I believe it has not!" At the time, Brooke, the attorney general of Massachusetts, was the only survivor of a 1962 Democratic sweep in his state. The younger faces in his audience brightened as Brooke called for a "grassroots Republican assembly" in the spring of 1963 to show "that we are going to put forth more than slogans and empty generalities. We cannot wait until the 1964 election to give new life to the party."

As Brooke transmitted the dynamic enthusiasm of his beliefs to the younger members of his audience, older faces on the dais remained expressionless. Representative Joseph W. Martin, Senator Leverett Saltonstall, and visiting Senator Roman L. Hruska of Nebraska had, I thought, heard it all before. Brooke never did get his grassroots assembly convened that year or the next. And Senator Hruska's talk that night singled out Federal spending as "the number one domestic issue in America today."

As if in answer to Senator Hruska and those like him, Brooke has written a book, a salient characteristic of which is the total absence of any fear of "fiscal irresponsibility." When freshman Senator Brooke comes to Washington, his ideas on social-welfare programs will clearly leave such liberal Republicans in the Senate as Kuchel, Javits, Cooper, and Case far behind. He may even make his senior colleague from Massachusetts, Edward M. Kennedy, sound like a comparative reactionary. *The Challenge of Change* offers proposals that few Republicans have even thought of, ideas that many of them would just as soon let simmer in economics classrooms until they are more fully developed and made acceptable. These programs include a Federal Department of Education, a "negative income tax," the notion that "President Johnson's poverty program is pitifully inadequate," extension of Medicare benefits to younger people, increasing and expanding the benefits of the minimum wage, and "a giant transportation network that would include the airplane, a revitalized passenger train, the bus and the urban-suburban mass transportation systems."

Brooke devotes the first half of his book to a long and confusing jeremiad, with chapters on "The Ominous Trend," "The Republican Decline," "Republican Negativism," and "Slogans Without Solutions." "We Republicans are more like spectators than participants," he charges. "We are weak nationally and weaker locally." G.O.P. support on college campuses means "We are gaining some support loudly, but losing more of it quietly." In the area of "inner resources," the party "is weakest—weaker, I am afraid, than our numbers indicate."

Borrowing Richard Rovere's phrase, he declares that in 1964 "the campaign was a 'caper,' a deviation from anything resembling traditional Republican values and virtues. . . . We must not permit the party to be judged on the basis of this aberration." But in the following chapter, Brooke speculates that the 1964 disaster may have been "a blessing in disguise." This curious mixture of hope and despair is also applied to

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 158

by HENRY ALLEN

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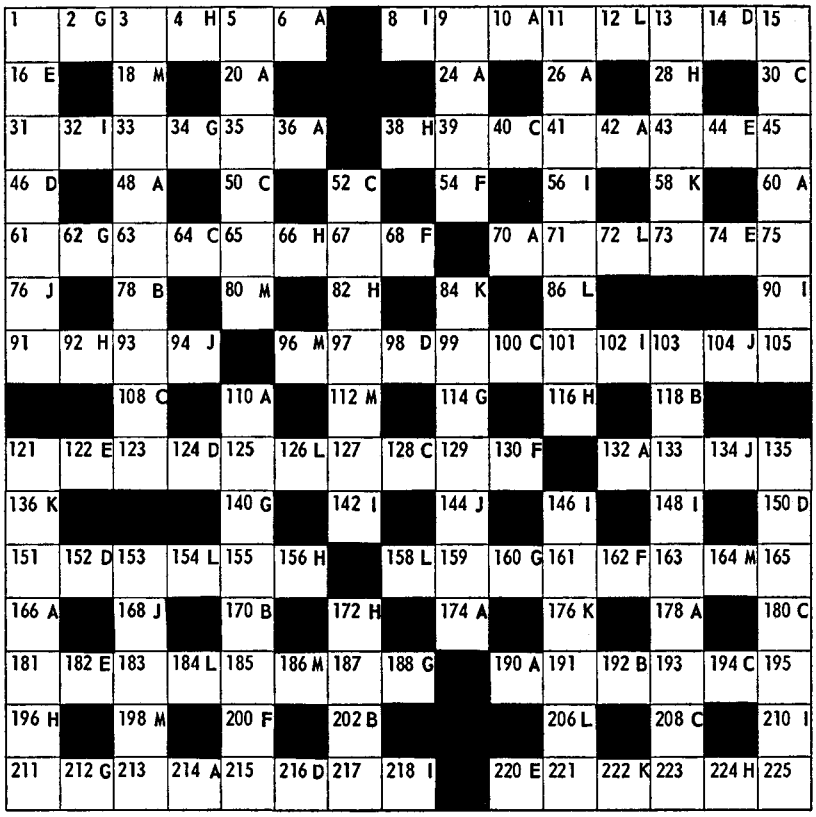
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
190 60 6 70 178 166 24 20 42 110 36 48
132 214 26 174 10 Local officials for establishing tax values (8,9).

B
202 192 78 118 170 Referring to the part of the ship near the stern.

C
108 50 64 40 52 30 128 100 194 180 208 Secret tribunal of medieval Germany.

D
216 46 124 150 152 14 98 Walls up.

E
44 122 182 16 74 220 Wild dogs of India.

F
130 200 54 162 68 German author and his author daughter, for examples.

G
2 114 188 160 34 140 212 62 Members of an order of angels ranking above thrones.

H
38 92 28 66 224 172 4 196 82 116 156 Fields of battle of kings and queens.

I
102 56 148 210 90 218 142 32 8 146 Arrests.

J
144 104 168 76 134 94 One of a popular singing group who achieved notoriety for a statement regarding Christ.

K
176 136 58 222 84 Frowns.

L
86 126 184 154 12 158 206 72 These are plentiful in algebra.

M
80 186 96 112 198 18 164 Deadens sound.

ACROSS

1. How you are working--over.
8. Turn a record and find it.
31. Ruins a hundred and meets with something.
38. Orders punctuation at first.
61. Stress in the hemp has istle strained.
70. Greens thrown about.
91. A hint of lean.
96. Cain's fated and spellbound.
121. With 153 down, vehicle for the Acrostician (3,3,4,5).
132. Can a manuscript go through L.A. air?
151. Go with prisms and prudery.
158. Caution with fights about broken sine.
181. Certain confident rooster?
190. Fed up to the ace? Mar it.
211. Elizabethan cohabits or compounds untruth (4,4).
220. Strain the rest on board.

DOWN.

1. Food may lead to an ailment!
3. How a catcher should be.
5. It will flow, master.
9. Figure of panic on the run.
11. It's not simple.
13. Observed in the heavens and by the playwright.
15. Desired wrongly and occupied some premises.
52. A gaffer, I know, said there weren't no such animal.
84. Kind of bookworm who may get a gift of a ship.
103. Calm but with irascibility at first.
110. Carpenter's tool for the cavalryman? (5,3).
121. Timely with a colt and 3.14.
135. Oil-well type of enthusiasts?
146. Listen! There's no noise.
153. See 121 across.
172. The baronet gets confused, loses one, and turns into a little nuisance.

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candidates. A chapter on "The 1964 Catastrophe" notes that "American politics . . . are extremely volatile. Who would have predicted, after twenty years of political exile starting in 1932, that we would discover a General Eisenhower and sweep to victory in 1952?" This discovery of sanguinity is tempered in the chapter on "Attaining Victory while Retaining Principles."

"Glamorous personalities—military heroes, former film stars, and other celebrities—win victories from time to time, and even though they are primarily personal victories, some slight advantage...does accrue to the Republican Party in which, more often than not, the celebrities have become active shortly before their election." Having disposed of Messrs. Murphy, Reagan, and Eisenhower, the author then attacks Governor Romney and Mayor Lindsay: "Attractive Republican candidates —and particularly those who have potential appeal in populous industrial states and major cities—are undermining the party's strength by 'going it alone,' avoiding the party label." Brooke points out that "In my three campaigns for statewide office, I have stood as a Republican, spoken as a Republican, and prominently displayed the Republican label in all my campaign materials." The author's own political successes, therefore, including re-election as state attorney general by 800,000 votes in a Johnson landslide, would suggest that "we must not permit the party to be judged on the basis of this aberration." He admits this possibility by citing Massachusetts-like situations among "other fortuitous circumstances—Democratic mistakes, blunders, corruption or simply a desire to 'turn the rascals out' after long, easy years in office."

HERE IS the inescapable dilemma of Brooke's position and that of all Republican liberals. Their political ideas generate discussion but win few votes in Congress. (Wait till Everett Dirksen hears of Brooke's ideas!) Their own political attractiveness and unique successes, on the other hand, seem incomprehensible to the professional politicians who are trying to unite the party. If Brooke and like-minded Republicans were indeed in charge of the party, they would almost certainly provoke internal ideological schisms far worse than those of 1964.

All of Brooke's legislative ideas are interesting and his book undoubtedly played a part in his victorious campaign against former Governor Endicott Peabody. But as an examination of how the Republican Party should meet the challenge of change, the author's proposals are more likely to divide than unite. They are scarcely apt to convince twenty-six million Goldwaterites that they were wrong and make them close ranks behind enlightenment. They seem even less likely to send Ray Bliss charging off to send out a battery of memos. «»

For Philip

AUGUST 23-OCTOBER 24, 1965

Swarmed above your bed
Red plastic butterflies
Danced patterns on their strings
Because all night you cried,

And would not sleep; and I
In my dark room rejoiced
To know the bright beasts moved,
Measured by your voice.

Then sun came red as wings
To fix the swimming dust
In all my rooms; my son,
Your caught voice seasons us

To take our empty house
For color; but the sun
Thrusts deep into the sky
A boned and bloody tongue

And in that roar of light
You sleep; above your head
The blazing wings grow dull
And larval on their threads.

You were no voice at best.
I measure what I tell.
The housed and swallowed bone
Grows hollow as a bell,

The breath swims in the throat,
The sun rings in the sky;
What color we remember
Burns inward from the eye.

—JOHN ENGELS

Outside Catholicism

JOHN LEO

PAUL BLANSHARD ON VATICAN II. *Beacon Press. $5.95.*

Fifteen years ago, Paul Blanshard was a major figure on the American Catholic horizon. His seemingly endless series of books on Catholic power caused as much heartburn to the Catholic Left as to the mainstream, which was then bathing in the glow of the "postwar religious revival," the triumphs of Bishop Sheen, and the unimpeachable patriotism of Catholics during the McCarthy period.

Blanshard was right about an astonishing number of things, most notably the dubious use of Catholic political muscle and the lack of freedom within the institutional Church. Liberal Catholics, who are now in the ascendancy and who maintain a firm grip on the religious press, routinely invoke the arguments that sent most Catholics into a frenzy when Blanshard set them forth not so long ago.

THE OLD DAYS have nearly been forgotten. Nowadays Blanshard dines with bishops and is treated as something of a celebrity in Rome. But unlike many former critics of Catholicism, he has not been enshrined in the pantheon of the renewed and changing Church. Michael Novak, the liberal Catholic scholar, in a promotional jacket blurb for this book, gently expresses a widespread reservation: "He treats Roman Catholicism as a political institution which lives by power and fame, and he does not understand many of those things which make it also a community of faith."

In 1966, as in 1949, the social and theological aspects of Catholicism elude him. He did not understand the defensiveness and isolation of American Catholics (since erased by John Kennedy and John XXIII) that made the Church such a ripe target fifteen years ago. Nor does he see the Second Vatican Council as a legitimate theological debate, but simply as a power struggle. His

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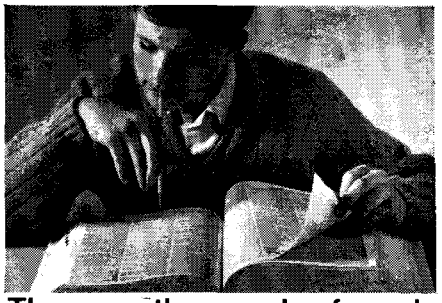
research and sincerity are impressive. But he has never been able to get inside Catholicism, to understand what makes it go. One minor example: Catholics believe that many truths, not explicit in Scripture, become apparent through the encounter of God with His people as they grow and move through history. Blanshard never challenges this belief head-on but merely complains of the audacity of Catholics in manufacturing additions to Scripture. More sophisticated critics have sent Catholics spinning with detailed objections. Blanshard, even today, appears merely cranky and hostile.

During the 1950's the Protestant Establishment gradually dissociated itself from Blanshard, usually muttering something about agreeing with his aims but not his methods. This is because his prophetic criticisms were interspersed with questionable jokes about the Pope and the gratuitous attribution of bad motives. There was also the famous Blanshard anomaly: the Vatican is

not a foreign state (so we can't send an ambassador); on the other hand, it *is* a foreign state (so certain American Catholic prelates should be deprived of U.S. citizenship).

Blanshard has moved beyond this stage, but he gives ground grudgingly. Pope John is written off as a sort of simple-minded peasant, Pope Paul as an irresolute schemer. The developing doctrine of collegiality, an attempt to modify the old papalism by acknowledging that the bishops are co-responsible with the Pope for governance of the Church, is depicted as a political insurgency against Paul. An ironic warning from Pope Paul to the Curia, to the effect that the Curia will not, of course, try to impede his reforms, is relayed by Blanshard as monstrous and naïve overoptimism.

The facts are all here, and the book is worth reading, but most of the interpretations are curiously



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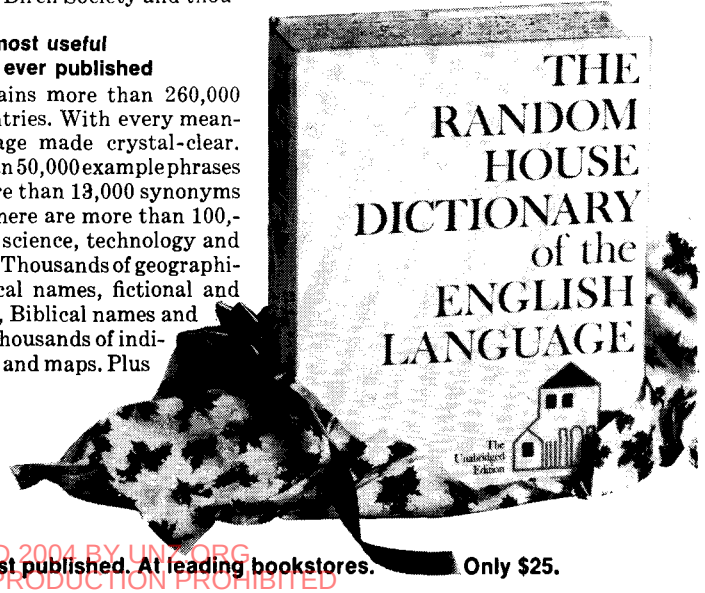

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Solution to Puzzle #157

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askew. Perhaps the biggest mistake Blanshard makes is a traditionally Protestant one: he tries to interpret the Church almost wholly in terms of the documents it produces. On paper, the Vatican Council achieved very little. In terms of the secular world, it formally endorsed nothing that was not generally known for decades. The genuine revolution came not in the documents but in the forces unleashed. The Catholic Church now understands itself primarily as a servant community, not as a hierarchical institution. The corner has been turned on legalism, and the focus is not on law but on the rights of the person. This revolution has yet to spin itself out, and there will be a good deal of reactionary lurching before it does. But there is no turning back. Catholic intellectuals understand this. Blanshard, unfortunately, does not.

Whatever Happened To Tugboat Annie?

GERALD WEALES

PLAYER PIANO, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $4.95.*

MOTHER NIGHT, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. *Harper & Row. $4.95.*

GOD BLESS YOU, MR. ROSEWATER: OR PEARLS BEFORE SWINE, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. *Dell. 75¢.*

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., who has been turning out novels and short stories for at least fifteen years, is one of those writers with a small but solid reputation. Vonnegut's first novel, *Player Piano* (1952), was an underground success, which means that it had a handful of staunch admirers who kept mentioning it until a sizable number of literary talkers read it or intended to read it or thought they had read it. Recently, *Player Piano* was reissued "by popular demand," according to the publisher (which does not mean that demonstrations were held outside the offices of Holt, Rinehart and Winston), and *Mother Night*, which was first put out as a Gold Medal paperback in 1961, was published in hard cover. Dell, whose edition of *Cat's Cradle* (1963) was a surprise success last year, particularly on college campuses, has added to their list Vonnegut's most recent novel, *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater: or Pearls Before Swine* (1965). It looks as though Vonnegut may come up from underground and find himself a popular or at least a fashionable author.

THE KEY that unlocked Vonnegut's oubliette (one of his favorite images, used centrally in *Cat's Cradle*, casually in *Rosewater*) is the label "black humorist," which the publicity releases and the book-jacket quotations are leaning on heavily. The term is not very precise but, like those earlier imprecisions "theatre of the absurd" and "angry young man," it has a market value. It seems to cover everything from a kind of generalized irreverence, as in the macabre-joke movies of Terry Southern and George Axelrod, to a

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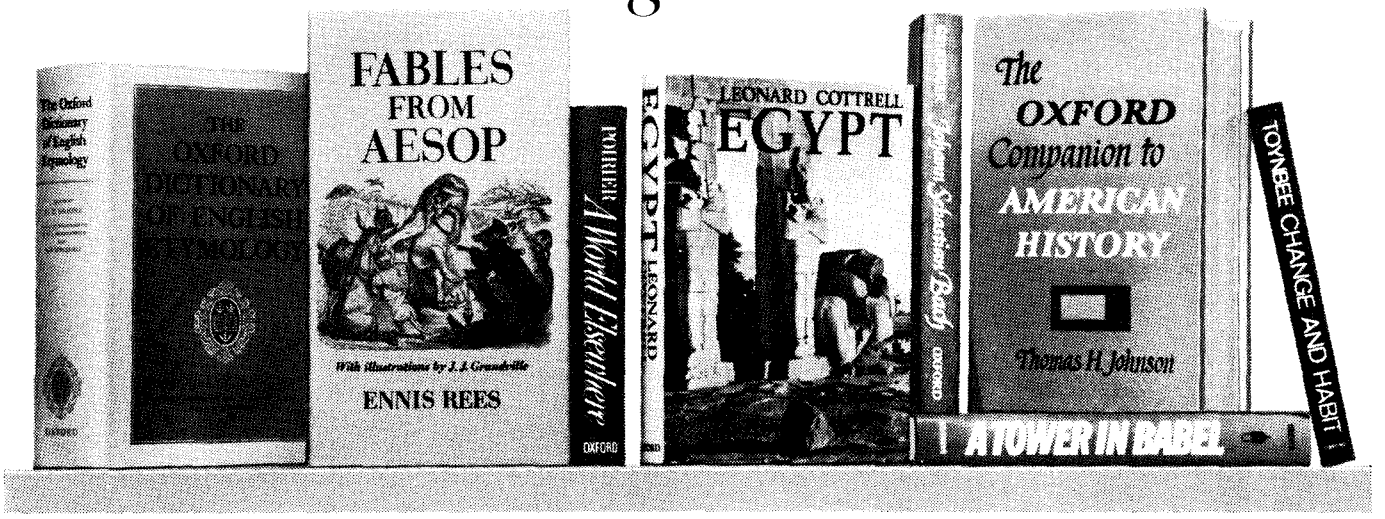

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sense of doom so intense that the only possible reaction is horrified laughter. "It's nice not to have to be serious all the time," Vonnegut wrote in a front-page review in the New York *Times* book section for last March 20, "especially about art." At the risk of being serious when it is uncalled for, I would like to suggest that despite the gags, the throwaway comic lines, the ludicrous invention, the joke names (Khashdrahr Miasma, the Near Eastern interpreter in *Player Piano*) that fill his books, Vonnegut belongs at the chaos rather than at the cute end of the black-humor line.

"What in hell are people *for?*" is the question a character plans to ask God in a novel (*2BRO2B*—a quotation from *Hamlet*) within a novel (*Rosewater*). The question pervades all of Vonnegut's work. In an increasingly mechanized and computerized society, man will lose (or has lost) his usefulness to others and to himself; even those who stand to gain materially are only comfortable mirror images of the poor, in spirit and in fact, whom society rejects or coddles. Without vocation, man drowns in boredom or takes what comfort he can in greed or cruelty or self-indulgence or meaningless acts of rebellion. "You can safely ignore the arts and sciences," writes Eliot Rosewater in a letter to his unknown heir. "They never helped anybody." On the day the first atom bomb fell, recalls Newt Hoenikker, the midget son of one of its makers, his father, who otherwise paid no attention to him, frightened him by suddenly kneeling and thrusting a cat's cradle in his face. "For maybe a hundred thousand years or more, grown-ups have been waving tangles of string in their children's faces," says Newt, and adds bitterly, *"No damn cat, and no damn cradle."*

WHETHER he is operating in the prophetic future of science fiction (*Player Piano* and *Cat's Cradle*) or in the present (*Mother Night* and *Rosewater*), Vonnegut draws a world which man has made and accepted, the consequences of which he cannot escape. "This is the only story of mine whose moral I know," Vonnegut writes in a new introduction to *Mother Night*: "We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful

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about what we pretend to be." *Mother Night* is the story of an American who becomes a propaganda broadcaster for the Nazis, a cover that enables him to act as an Allied spy. In a postwar conversation between the narrator, who has been too good at his cover job, and the man who recruited him, the narrator says, "Three people in all the world knew me for what I was—And all the rest—" and the colonel snaps back, "They knew you for what you were, too."

The implication of this identity fable can be seen in all the other Vonnegut novels, and there it takes on ramifications, for the pretense that provides an identity is more than a personal one; it is societal and inherited. In *Player Piano,* in *Cat's Cradle,* in *Rosewater,* there are sons harried by the image of their fathers, but Vonnegut is not playing the simple psychological-novel game (although he is playing with it). In these books, the sins of the fathers are visited on the children not as psychological repressions but as societal facts; the best of the Vonnegut statements of this is in *Rosewater,* where Eliot upsets his psychiatrist. "And what does he talk about when I invite him to let his mind wander where it will?" the psychiatrist complains. "American history."

Vonnegut is usually described as a moralist as well as a satirist, which implies that there is a positive point of land on which he can stand while he turns his jaundiced eye on society. "He is a scientist only in as much as he is interested in the science of living reasonably and kindly," says a note on the author at the end of *Player Piano.* The tone of that line suggests that Vonnegut might have written it and that it, too, is a hoax. The rational is as disastrous as the irrational in *Player Piano* and kindness is at best a last resort in *Rosewater.* Love—Caritas or Eros—is not much consolation in any of the novels.

For an Indiana boy, Vonnegut has wandered a long way from Booth Tarkington. Consider the stories he tells. In *Player Piano,* which is set not very far in the future, two disenchanted engineer-managers, one ex-clergyman, and an aging humanist lead a rebellion that will free men from the machines that at once serve

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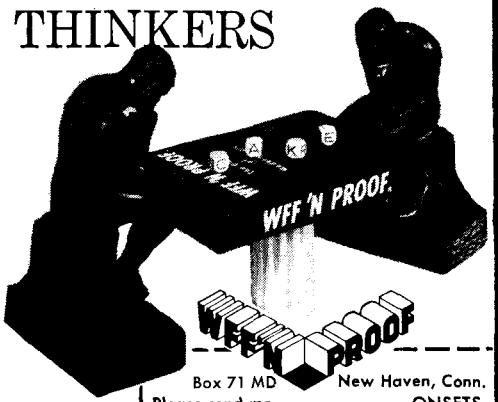

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and enslave them. Their followers, not content with regaining power, destroy the machines completely—at least in the one town in which the revolution succeeds. At the end, however, man the tinkerer begins to play with the debris, gets an orange-drink machine back into operation, and the four leaders, recognizing that there can be no victory, surrender to the authorities who have encircled the town.

When the make-believe Nazi of *Mother Night* gets the evidence that will let him prove to the Israeli court that he was really an American spy, he comments, "I find the prospect nauseating," and hangs himself. At the end of *Cat's Cradle,* Ice-nine, the the last product of the innocent scientist's mind, has frozen most of the world into a blue-white death, and Bokonon, the wise man, can only suggest that the narrator write "a history of human stupidity" and then take some Ice-nine: "I would make a statue of myself, lying on my back, grinning horribly, and thumbing my nose at You Know Who." In case there is consolation in the childish defiance of the statue, it is a good idea to remember that Bokonism is based on not one but two concepts—the sacredness of man *and* the belief that all religious principles, even Bokonist ones, are necessarily lies.

At the end of *Rosewater,* when Eliot tells the lawyer to declare all the children in the county legally his, his avowal of human brotherhood is made from an insane asylum. Nor is this the standard literary fool in Christ, for Vonnegut's portrait of Eliot's band of useless people is too tinged with contempt. Perhaps Kilgore Trout, the science-fiction writer who provides a rationale for Eliot, is the book's and Vonnegut's best image of man's salvation. "He was an old man with a full black beard. He looked like a frightened, aging Jesus, whose sentence to crucifixion had been commuted to imprisonment for life." Before the book ends, however, Trout takes a job in a gift-stamp redemption center and comments, ostensibly on having shaved, "Think of the sacrilege of a Jesus figure redeeming stamps."

Although the machines of *Player Piano* suggest a bogus sense of

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order, the world of Vonnegut—a world without meaning—is one of disorder, ranging from the untidy to the chaotic. His books are not only about that world; they reflect it. From *Player Piano* to *Rosewater,* his novels display an increasing fragmentation. He jumps from person to person, place to place, time to time, often coming to rest for no more than a paragraph or a page. Conventional plot, which is necessary to *Player Piano,* has practically disappeared in *Rosewater.* Except for the lost and loveless central figures, usually the narrators, around whom the comic distress forms, the characters are mostly cartoon sketches, seen briefly but vividly, designed to make a simple satiric point.

The chapters, particularly in the later novels, are not necessarily units of action, and the brief scenes that are units are often divided for no reason. In *Rosewater,* every few paragraphs, often in the middle of a conversation, the page of type is broken by a decorative *R*, as though to remind us of the unlikelihood of a beginning or an end.

In *Cat's Cradle,* the same kind of arbitrary division is given a name and a number, so that there are 127 "chapters" in 191 pages in the paperback edition. It is as though the author were providing handholds for the weak to pull themselves from thought to thought, only to have the handholds turn into fences and the narrative into an obstacle course. "I admire form," says the narrator in *Mother Night.* "I admire things with a beginning, a middle, an end—and, whenever possible, a moral, too." The colonel answers, "I'm not used to things having form —or morals, either."

SINCE Vonnegut has warned against too much seriousness, I should add that the books are very funny, although I found myself recognizing that fact without wanting to laugh. In the *Times* review, Vonnegut quoted a man in a dentist's office who had just thrown a magazine across the room, "What in hell ever happened to Tugboat Annie?" Vonnegut did not answer, but I can do so in the name of his art. Her tugboat is now completely mechanized and is one of a fleet of floating machines operated by a computer

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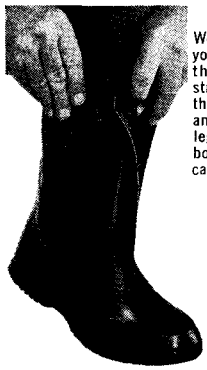

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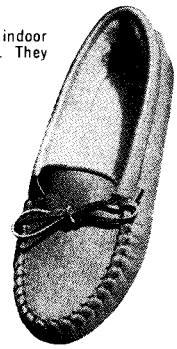

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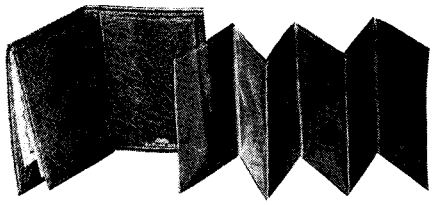

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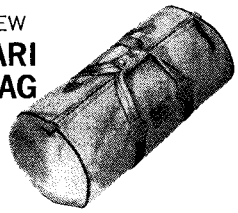

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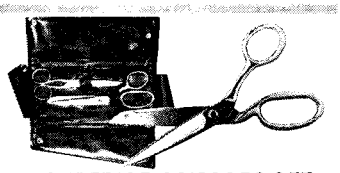

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programmed to the needs of the harbor. She has been forced to retire to a senior citizens' center where a guidance counselor, who is also a therapist who has been educated by teaching machines, is trying to convince Annie and the other ladies that they are interchangeable parts of a benign machine called "life's golden sunset." Annie, with more steam than most of the ladies, occasionally slips out and makes her way to the docks, where she watches the tugs and peoples their decks with remembered faces. Back at the center, if anyone were to ask for Annie —which no one will—the therapist would explain that she is not to be disturbed for the moment, that she is busy with a condoned-rebellion project. Funny?

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The children's bus driver
made every child tear up
his frazzled bus pass

issuing white cardboard ones
on the last day
before Easter vacation

saying he was going to Vegas
and if he won
hooray

he would retire as he had saved
five thousand dollars
and bus passes

must be clean
and legible
for his successor.

Today the first day after vacation
he opens
the door

silent the children look
down at his hands
as he checks

each blank card
as if
passengers

have never been seen
by him
before.

—ROBIN JOHNSON

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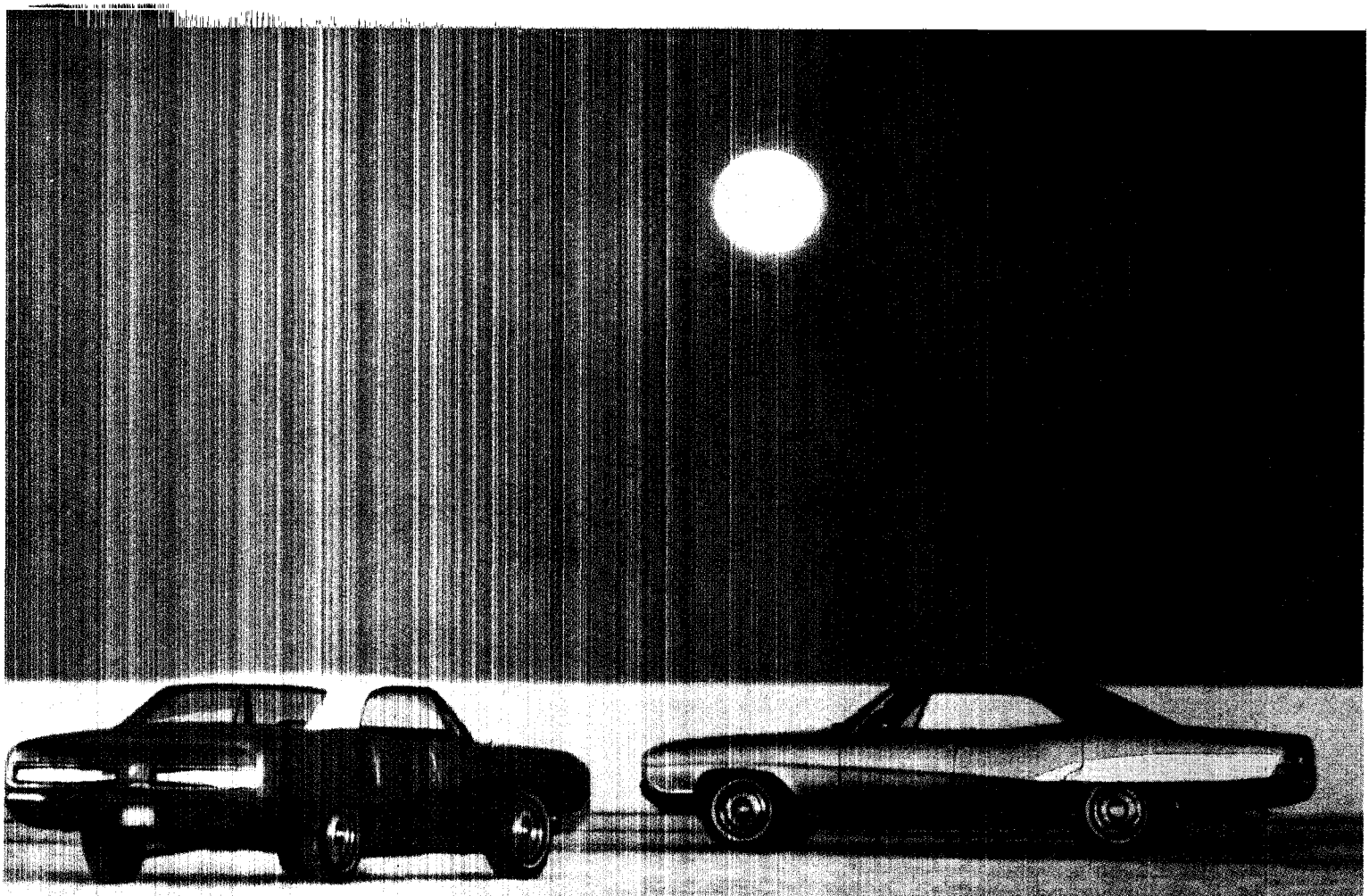

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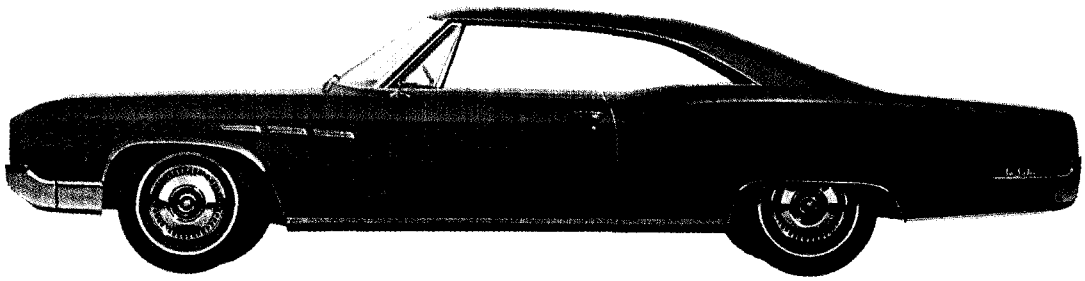

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